1507/1734.

THE

RECONCILIATION;

OR,

BIRTH-DAY.

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

NOW UNDER REPRESENTATION AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, VIENNA, WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR B. DORNIN, NO. 108, GRAFTON-STREET.

1800.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

FRANK BERTRAM, *formerly Captain of a ſhip*
PHILIP BERTRAM, *a Collector,* } *Twins.*

JACK BULLER, *Frank's Footman, formerly a Sailor.*

Doctor BLUM.

EYTERBORN, *a Lawyer.*

Count SONNENSTERN.

WILLIAM, *a Shoe-maker.*

An Apothecary's Boy.

CHARLOTTE, *Philip's Daughter.*

ANN, *her old Servant.*

Mrs. GRIM, *Frank's Houſekeeper.*

THE

RECONCILIATION.

ACT I.

The Scene repreſents a remote Street in the Suburb. A Row of Houſes on the Left, with a Bench before one of them. On the Right ſeveral Trees. In the back Ground Meadows and arable Land. It is Morning.

SCENE I.

WILLIAM *ſits on a Stool by a Tree, making a Pair of Ladies' Shoes, and ſinging whilſt at work.*

THOUGH idlers riot, eat, and drink,
And on ſoft downy pillows ſink,
They are not free from woe:
For ev'ry man muſt have his ſhare
Of troubles, and muſt know beſt where
His ſhoe does hurt his toe.

When rainy, wiſe men boots will wear,
But ſhoes put on when all is fair;
And take times as they go.
No man, that ever wore a ſhoe,
Will ſay, if he be fair and true,
It never hurt his toe.

SCENE II.

ANN *coming out of the Houſe with a Broom in her Hand.*

Will. Good morrow to you, Miſs Ann.

Ann. Thank you, honeſt William.

Will. How are all the family? how does the old gentleman come on?

Ann. He has had a tolerable good night; he is getting better every day.

Will. Upon my ſoul I am glad of it, for the ſake of your good miſtreſs, and for your own ſake too, Miſs Ann.

Ann. You are right there; for ſuch a good place I ſhall never have again. Be our pittance ever ſo ſcanty, my maſter has no better fare than myſelf; and when love and affection diſtribute the bread, no matter whether the ſlices be large or ſmall. There is many a lady's maid, indeed, that has greater wages than mine, and that dreſſes in ſilk and muſlin: but then the miſtreſſes are ſometimes ſo queer and ill-tempered—never pleaſed—no pin will do unleſs pinned ten times over—and every fold in a handkerchief is to be twiſted into a thouſand different ſhapes, before it will ſuit their fancy. But my young miſtreſs, up ſhe gets in a minute, dreſſed ſhe is in another, and wants no aſſiſtance whatever.

Will. And carries always the ſmile of a Madonna on her countenance.

Ann. I never yet heard her utter an angry word in my life.

Will. Her lips ſeem not to be formed for that neither.

Ann. Ah, ſhe is a good child, indeed! ſhe will never be ſo much as out of temper. She has borne the long illneſs of her father with uncommon conſtancy and reſolution. The old man might mutter and grumble ever ſo much, ſhe would be courteous and reſigned. She has not ſlept a wink theſe many weeks, and would not ſuffer me to ſit up by the old gentleman; as ſoon as the clock ſtruck ten ſhe would bid me go and lie down. In the beginning I was very uneaſy about it. Miſs is young, thinks I; ſhe may be well diſpoſed for aught I know, but ſhe may fall aſleep; and when young people have once ſhut their eyes, not even a thunderclap will rouſe them. But I was in the wrong box there: Miſs Charlotte would nod by her father's bed-ſide, but at the leaſt cough ſhe would be at his ſervice.

Will. I ſay, Miſs Ann, ſuch things never go without a reward, methinks.

Ann. Oh, that's not all. All her fingers are ſore with ſewing, that there might be no want of money

money in the houſe. That ſevere winter—I tell you William, the old man muſt have ſtarved with cold but for his induſtrious daughter.

Will. I feel as if ſhe had likewiſe warmed me.

Ann. When her father was ſo very ill, I wouldn't have given a braſs penny for his life, ſhe would kneel down, and weep and pray in every corner. But he need but call out, Charlotte! and every tear was wiped off; ſhe would appear before him with a cheerful, friendly countenance, though her ſoul ſtruggled within.

Will. No wonder the old man ſhould eſcape death. A face like that has greater effect than all the medicines of a doctor, and does not taſte ſo bad neither. But he is out of all danger now?

Ann. I ſhould think ſo.

Will. Yet he ſtill coughs a good deal. I often hear him up in my room.

Ann. Ay, true. But the doctor ſays, a man of his age may ſtill go on with only a bit of his lungs, if his heart keep but ſtout.

Will. Right, Miſs Ann. Rather have but half one's lungs, and a heart ſound and entire.

Ann. Oh, my good maſter has plenty of that; I have known him no bigger than that—he has always been a good-natured, tender-hearted boy. And Providence has given him no riches, or elſe he might have been a miſer as well as his brother.

Will. Is his brother rich?

Ann. During the war, and God knows by what means, he has ſcraped together an immenſe deal of money. But his lungs are better than his heart, and he leaves his poor brother to want.

Will. Hum! and yet every body praiſes him.

Ann. Rich folks are always praiſed, and never wrong: but when a poor devil goes but one ſingle ſtep aſtray, good Chriſtians will ruſh upon him, and trample him in the mire.

Will. Odd enough, people ſhould ſell their friendſhip, and give their ill-will away for no-

thing. One ſhould think it muſt be quite the reverſe; for enmity can do the heart no good.

Ann. Don't ſay that; for there are thoſe who delight in nothing more than ſcandal. They will tell their neighbours to the right and to the left, and their eyes will gliſten with joy, like a cat's eyes in the dark.

Will. But is it true that the two brothers are at law?

Ann. Alas! it is but too true; they have quarrelled theſe fifteen years: and for what?—for that wretched garden, out of the gates, near the hill. The whole is not worth above a couple of hundred of dollars. A ſhame upon that wealthy fellow! Could I ever have thought it, when he was running about in his frock? He was a wild one, true enough, but his heart was good.

Will. I think, that, were he to ſee Miſs Charlotte, his heart would melt; for, do you ſee, if the Devil were to fall out with his grandmother, and Charlotte got between them, I ſhould ſay the Devil himſelf muſt fall round his granny's neck.

Ann. Poor child! he has not ſeen her ſince ſhe was three years old. The two brothers avoid each other every where.

Will. She ought to pay him a viſit.

Ann. And cringe? and, what is worſe, perhaps be ill uſed by his old houſekeeper? No; my miſtreſs is too good for that.

Will. Sure enough, ſhe is too good for them all: I only ſaid ſo for the ſake of peace.

Ann. We have hitherto got honeſtly through the world. We can work; and a dollar earned is worth more than a ducat given.

Will. You are right, Miſs Ann: eſpecially when one works for ſuch good maſters; the taſk is then ſo light. Hey-day! what nice ſhoes I would make if they were for Miſs Charlotte!—Thou art a lazy fellow, would my father often ſay to me, before you were in our houſe: but ſince you live with us he has had no occaſion to ſay ſo. For, when I have

have had but a glance of that angel in the morning, it ſeems as if my awl worked of itſelf all the day long. That's the reaſon why I always carry my ſtool out here; for I have obſerved, that, when the weather is fair, ſhe likes to ſit on yon bench.

Ann. I think ſhe won't be long a-coming.

SCENE III.

Count SONNENSTERN *dreſſed in a light Morning-dreſs, ſkipping acroſs the Stage: when he perceives* ANN, *he calls out,*

Oh, oh! Good morrow to you, old witch.

Ann. (Angrily.) What! do you mean me?

Count. Doeſn't ſhe ſtand there with the broom in her hand, as if ready to beſtride it, and ride to a nocturnal meeting of the weiry ſiſterhood?

Ann. It is a pity it will not ſweep away every kind of filth.

Count. Ha! ha! ha! You are witty, I find; but don't be angry; I meant no harm, mother.

Ann. Mother! God forbid I ſhould have ſuch a ſon.

Count. Well, what objections have you? Wouldn't it be pretty for you to ſay, My ſon, Count Sonnenſtern, lord of Eagleſtone and Crownhall?

Ann. No, indeed. My ſon muſt work, be he what he will; but it ſeems, ſome Counts have nothing to do, for I always ſee you walk the ſtreets.

Count. I have been ordered a ſpring-cure.

Ann. It's ſomewhat odd, when thoſe gentlemen return from the college, they generally want a ſpring-cure.

Count. Is your miſtreſs up?

Ann. May be.

Count. Will ſhe come down?

Ann. Perhaps.

Count. Has ſhe read the book which I lent her ſome time back?

Ann. She has begun it.

Count. How does ſhe like it?

Ann. Not at all; ſhe ſays, there is too much whining in it.

Count.

Count. So much the better; it is a book for exalted and ſentimental minds.

Ann. Muſt whining and ſentiment go hand in hand, then?

Count. Oldy, you don't underſtand this. Young people muſt love, and of courſe, whine. When you light your kitchen fire of green wood, well, does it not weep on the other end?

Ann. Ay; but then there is more ſmoke than flame.

Count. A-propos; won't the old fellow die yet?

Ann. He ſeems to have a good conſtitution, though in his youth he never went through the ſpring remedies.

Count. A poor devil, that's forced to live on *lichen iſlandicum*, had better take his leave at once—

Ann. And bequeath you his pretty daughter, eh?

Count. Well done, mother; if you can make him do that, I'll take you into the bargain.

Ann Oh, if you love my miſtreſs, her father will himſelf give you her hand.

Count. (With a ſneer.) Will he indeed?

Ann. And, if you won't have her on that condition, you cannot be fond of her.

Count. But one cannot always act as one would.

Ann. If one cannot do what is good, one ought not to will what is bad.

[William, *during this diſcourſe, begins to ſing his ſong, and raiſes his voice every time he is diſpleaſed with what* Sonnenſtern *ſays.*

Count. You folks have droll notions.

Ann. Do you mean, perhaps, my miſtreſs is not good enough to be a Counteſs?

Count. Ah, ſhe'd be the prettieſt little Counteſs upon earth.

Ann. She is, perhaps, not rich enough?

Count. Poverty is no flaw.

Ann. A proverb in every body's mouth, and in no one's heart.

Count.

Count. A-propos; do you want money?

Ann. Yes, Sir, we do.

Count. Take. *(He tenders her a purſe.)*

Ann. We don't want money of that kind.

Count. Of that kind! What do you mean?

Ann. My maſter does not accept preſents; his heart is too proud for that.

Count. But you?

Ann. I am but a ſervant, and have no greater wages than eight florins a year, yet I never want a penny to give the poor on Sunday when I go to church.

Count. Old one, be wiſe. Your miſtreſs is a treaſure, and you are the dragon to watch her; but you may ſpit fire as much and as long as you pleaſe, I'll nevertheleſs at laſt ſucceed in throwing my handkerchief on the burning coals. *(Looking round.)* What the devil is the fellow bawling for, like a watchman?

Ann. No man can hinder him from ſinging.

Count. *(Throws a piece of money to* William.) My lad, go, and drink to my health for this. Your throat ſeems to be curſedly dry.

[William *takes the money, and nails it to the table before him.*

Count. What are you about, fellow?

Ann. Ha! ha! ha! He does juſt the ſame as our neighbour the grocer, who will always nail bad money to the counter.

Count. Well, fellow! will you anſwer?

Will. *(Singing.)*

Ann. *(Laughing.)* Leave him alone, he is deaf.

Count. Is he? So much the better. What a pity he is not likewiſe dumb! Ho! ho! Miſs Charlotte,

SCENE IV.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Have you done, dear Ann? My father will come down preſently.

Ann. Come down, you ſay?

Charl.

Charl. For the firſt time; the weather is ſo warm, ſo fine. *(With kindneſs.)* Good morrow, William. *(With modeſty.)* Good morrow, Count.

[William *takes off his cap in a friendly and reſpectful manner, and whilſt* Charlotte *is preſent, expreſſes by geſtures his participation in the converſation.*

Count. I could be angry with you, my lovely girl, if thoſe looks did not diſarm my paſſion.

Charl. Be angry, Sir! about what?

Count. Why to ſee that this deaf cobler ſhould have your firſt greetings.

Charl. He is the ſon of our landlord, a good quiet lad.

Count. Very odd, that quiet people ſhould always be deemed good people!

Charl. Virtue is never boiſterous.

Count. But ſhe is a daughter of Love.

Charl. If that be ſo, it is to be lamented that the daughter ſo ſeldom gets the better of her parent.

Count. The man that is in love never fails to be a good man.

Charl. Indeed!

Count. The ſun calls forth flowers from the earth; Love rears Virtues in the hearts of man.

Charl. Poor deceived girl! for I have always flattered myſelf to be good, without love.

Count. Conceit! Of what value is metal without a coin? Love ought to give her ſtamp to Virtue, to make it current.

Charl You mean the love of mankind.

Count. Have you renounced all other love?

Charl. Can you put this queſtion to a tender and affectionate daughter?—Oh! do rejoice with me. My father will come down, and for the firſt time enjoy again the pure air. Here by this lime-tree he will ſit, whoſe foliage he ſaw laſt autumn drop in melancholy expectation. Oh, Sir, I am ſo happy, ſo thoroughly happy!—Could you but conceive what he has ſuffered! what privation he has endured—

Count.

Count. Privation! that was your fault.

Charl. Mine?

Count. Beyond a doubt. Why didn't you honour me with your confidence? why diſdain my aſſiſtance?

Charl. Are you alſo a phyſician?

Count. Anxiety of mind is worſe than illneſs. I might perhaps have cured the one and relieved the other.

Charl. I don't underſtand you,

Count. If, for inſtance, I improved, by the uſe of it, what chance gave me; if, to comfort the ſick father, I were to offer my aſſiſtance to the dutiful child? *(He draws out his purſe, and poiſes it on his hand.)*

Charl. The dutiful child would then perſonally introduce the generous man to the beloved patient.

Count. And ſuppoſe he choſe to entruſt his pious gift only to the hands of the daughter?

Charl. She muſt then decline it.

Count. In other terms, deſpiſe it?

Charl. Not ſo, Count; there is a kind of tender reſpect for ourſelves, which ſometimes by a ſtranger may be miſconſtrued into contempt.

Count. But this roſe you would not reject?

Charl. By no means. My father is fond of roſes, and to-day is his birthday. I thank you, Sir, I will agreeably ſurpriſe him with this roſe.—

[*She makes him a tranſient curtſy, nods friendly to* William, *and goes into the houſe. The* Count *looks a little fooliſh.*

Ann. If you don't know how to get rid of your money, Count, I'll inform you that yonder lives an aged blind fiſherman. Make him a preſent of your purſe; and then you may call me twenty times old mother, or old witch, as you like beſt. [*She goes into the houſe.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Count SONNENSTERN *and* WILLIAM.

Count. Theſe women are making game of me. —Stupid wretches—no manners—if I could but get them to read novels—There is no ſubduing theſe novices without a novel. There is that deaf blockhead—he lives with her under the ſame roof—I wonder if he, perhaps, might not ſerve my purpoſe. I ſay, my friend.

[Will. *continues working, and pretends to be deaf.*

Count. *(Calling out at his ear.)* I ſay, my lad.

Will. *(Roughly.)* What's the matter?

Count. Gently, gently—do you know who is talking to you? I—I am a Count.

Will. Can you make a ſhoe?

Count. Blockhead!

Will. Well, what are you good for, then?

Count. I can lay my cane round your ſhoulders, if you be not civil.

Will. Hum! A ſhoe-maker can do that as well as you.

Count. Would you like get money?

Will. Get money? ay, that I would; who will make me get ſome?

Count. I will.

Will. In an honeſt way?

Count. In the eaſieſt manner in the world.

Will. The eaſieſt is not always the moſt honeſt way. Do you want ſhoes?

Count. Would you deliver a little billet?

Will. At the poſt-office?

Count. No, no; in this houſe, to Miſs Charlotte? But old Ann ſhould not know it.

Will. Very well. Give me the letter.

Count. But how will you contrive?

Will. Carry it to her father.

Count. To her father? Are you mad?

Will. But I ſhould think the father might read what is written to the daughter.

Count. Fool! what do I want you for, then?

Will.

Will. Fool? True! true! Never employ a fool when you want a rogue.

Count. That fellow is as ſtupid as the reſt; thoſe folks all want civilizing. Ho, ho! but here comes a man juſt as I want him—half a word will do for him.

SCENE VI.

Enter EYTERBORN.

Count. Good morrow, my dear neighbour! you come quite to the purpoſe.

Eyt. Serviteur.

Count. I know you are a man up to any thing.

Eyt. I am an honeſt man; that all the world knows.

Count. So much the better for you, if all the world knows or believes you ſo; for that is all one.

Eyt. What do you mean by that, Count?

Count There are two ſorts of honeſt men, do you ſee: the one ſo for themſelves, and the other for the world.

Eyt. Bad principles!

Count. But they'll make a man look plump and fat; don't they now?

Eyt. You ſeem to be in a chattering humour, and I am buſy, Count.

Count. I'll increaſe your buſineſs, dear neighbour. I'll tell you what: I am not to be deterred either by your belly, your wig, or your frigid virtuous mien. I'll make you *mon poſtillon d'amour.*

Eyt. Serviteur.

Count. A poſtillion ought to have a horſe, you know. I make you a preſent of my bay mare.

Eyt. (Eagerly.) The ſame you rode yeſterday?

Count. That very identical one, that you ſaw caper ſo nicely.

Eyt. That with the fine head?

Count. And with that majeſtic mane.

Eyt. (*Obſequiouſly.*) *Obligé, très obligé*—What can I oblige you in, Sir?

Count. You know the old collector Bertram?

Eyt, He who lives here? oh, yes, I know

him. (*Looking round.*) But talk ſoftly, we are not alone.

Count. That ſhoemaker, you mean? Never mind him, he is as deaf as a wall.

Eyt. Nothing in the world is deaf; even walls have ears. But what of the old conſumptive Collector?

Count. He has a pretty daughter, who is nothing leſs than conſumptive.

Eyt. A green thing yet.

Count. Green! how old was your deceaſed wife, pray, when you left the mother for the daughter, and compelled the father to give his conſent in a hurry?

Eyt. Huſh! what do you mean by that?

Count. Dear Eyterborn, we are neighbours' children; and you know one hears odd things.

Eyt. Huſh! huſh! ſuch odious things ought not to be revived, eſpecially when the world has loſt the recollection of them.

Count. We are here by ourſelves. The maſk is calculated for the maſquerade; but when two friends ſit down over a bowl of punch, they will take it off. And ſo I think it is with the world. When the devil meets his fellow, he pulls off his ſilk glove, and ſhakes him by the bare claw. (*Shaking hands with him.*)

[Will *falls again a ſinging.*

Eyt. You are a wicked rogue; but your bay mare makes me overlook your ſarcaſms. I am and will be, an honeſt man for all that.

Count. To be ſure, I know people credulous enough to take their oaths of it; do but manage ſo as to inſpire old Bertram with the ſame faith.

Eyt. He has that.

Count. And Charlotte—

Eyt. Oh, ſhe takes every one for honeſt.

Count. So much the better.

Eyt. I'll thank you to be as brief as you can.

Count. I'll be as laconic as a Spartan. I am going to be married—

Eyt.

Eyt. I wiſh you joy.

Count. To a lady of great fortune.

Eyt. That's clever.

Count. And young—

Eyt. Excellent!

Count. And as ugly as the devil.

Eyt. Indeed!

Count. Now, I ſhould wiſh at leaſt to ſee her ugly ladyſhip waited on by a handſome maid.

Eyt. Very natural.

Count. Old Bertram is a poor devil.

Eyt. He is, truly.

Count. He'll be glad to get a place for his daughter.

Eyt. May be. But he is very capricious, very proud, and very partial to virtue.

Count. Well; you muſt tell him, that my intended is likewiſe a very religious and virtuous lady. (*Laughing.*) And I think upon my honour, it is fact.

Eyt. He moſt certainly is in diſtreſs. He has incurred ſome debts, and we ought to avail ourſelves of that circumſtance.

Count. Well ſaid. You meanwhile may fully diſpoſe of my purſe. And if you ſucceed, there will be fifty louis-d'ors for yourſelf.

Eyt. Only don't talk of it. All muſt be kept ſecret—mind decorum—you wouldn't believe all a man may do, provided he contrives matters properly.

Count. Very right, my dear Mentor. I am your Telemachus to the utmoſt extent of the meaning.

Will. (*Riſing to the Count.*) You have got a hole in your ſhoe; ſhall I mend it?

Count. Fool!—I have cut it out myſelf, the corns hurt me.

Will. Cut it out himſelf? ay, that's the way. (*Apart.*) When your conſcience is ſomewhat too narrow, and bad deeds begin to torture the ſoul, cut a hole in it, and it will do.

Count. I now leave you to your operations. Let me embrace you my dear friend.

Eyt. Serviteur. Our friendſhip is rather young.

Count. When an honeſt couple want each

other's good ſervices, friendſhip proceeds with the ſteps of a giant. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Eyt. A ſhrewd fellow! I muſt proceed prudently with him; I muſt cover my retreat. Young people will brag of their ſucceſs, when they have attained their aim. They'll ſteal fruit in a ſtranger's orchard, and hiſs the gardener into the bargain—That might hurt my reputation—Thank God, my honeſty is ſo well eſtabliſhed, that people would ſwear to it, though they caught me in a burglary. Ha! ha! he! The people will believe any thing, repeat any thing, if you have but patience to tell it a million times. I am an honeſt man—I have been telling them theſe twenty years; and behold, every child in the ſtreet will call out as I go along, There is an honeſt man. (*looking at* William.) Curſe that fellow, for his bawling.

SCENE VIII.

PHILIP, BERTRAM, CHARLOTTE *knitting.*

Phil. Let me ſit down here, child; here it is warm and pleaſant.

Eyt. Serviteur, Collector.

Phil. Welcome, good Eyterborn: I have not ſeen you theſe many weeks.

Eyt. A journey on buſineſs—Has any thing happened ſince?

Phil. A great deal, a monſtrous great deal; the moſt important thing in the world: I am well again.

Eyt. I give you joy.

Phil. I thank you, thank you. Yes, yes, God Almighty has granted me again a little breath. I have often requeſted my daughter to ſing me that pretty ſong of Claudius,

Oh! do but grant a breath of air;
Thou haſt ſuch ſtores of it.

Eyt. The genial ſpring will further contribute to your recovery. You take a walk to your garden—

Phil. Don't mention that garden. I wiſh it had been

been ſwallowed up in an earthquake, rather than it ſhould have ſet two brothers by the ears theſe fifteen years.

Eyt. It is the firſt time I hear you ſay ſo.

Phil. Alas! I muſt fall ill to have a ſound thought!

Eyt. He that has the pureſt right on his ſide, like you—

Phil. Oh! dear friend; when a man has been ſo near, as I have now been, the bar of that court, where no one is right, and where Mercy connives at tranſgreſſion, he had rather not be over-poſitive. For that very reaſon I have requeſted my good friend Doctor Blum—and he has taken the charge upon himſelf—to have this unbrotherly quarrel ſettled before the court of conſcience.

Eyt. (*Startled.*) Before the court of conſcience? Are you in earneſt?*

Phil. I have been reſolved on it eight days.

Eyt. And you told me nothing about it?

Phil. You were abſent.

Eyt. But, good heavens! what are the laws for, if conſcience is to decide?

Phil. We have laws to torment one another, and a conſcience to make up for thoſe torments.

Eyt. But ſuppoſe your brother won't liſten to any propoſals?

Phil. Then I'll make him a preſent of the garden; for I want reſt, and am too poor to continue the ſuit. As ſoon as I can again follow my buſineſs, and get a few dollars, I'll apply them to the education of my daughter;—ſhe wants it, and is unprovided for.

Charl. You have taught me to pray and work; what do I want more?

Phil. Now-a days, much more. The young gentlemen care little about your prayers, and will aſk, if you can dance.

Charl. What are the young gentlemen to me?

* The court of conſcience was inſtituted by the Empreſs Catharine; it has ſince been annihilated. This inſtitution had cruſhed many a lawſuit in its very birth.—*Note of the Author.*

Phil. You would, in our days, not even do for a lady's maid in a faſhionable family; for they would not inquire into your prayers. Miſs, will they ſay, can you make a cap? can you waſh lace? and ſuch things.

Charl. I can ſew, knit; cook, bake—

Phil. And love your father, and that is all. A great deal for me, but for a grand lady a mere trifle, child.

Eyt. But I know a young lady of fortune, that is going to be married, and is richer in virtue than in gold. She wants a modeſt young woman about her. I am your friend, and an honeſt man. If I can procure that place for Miſs, you may—

Charl. (*clinging round her father.*) Here is my place.

Phil. I thank you, good Eyterborn. More of that another time.

Charl. No; you will not diſcard me.

Phil. Diſcard thee, child? No; I am anxious for thy happineſs.

Charl. I have been unhappy only once in my life. It was when you were ſo ill.

Phil. But futurity—

Charl. My father will never aſk me, if I can waſh lace.

SCENE IX.

Dr. BLUM.

Blum. Oho! I am glad to ſee you for the firſt time in the open air.

Phil. Welcome, Doctor. Come, let's ſhake hands.

Charl. (*Very friendly.*) Good morrow, dear Doctor.

Phil. How happy muſt a phyſician feel, that reſtores the father of a family to health, and the ſupporter of a helpleſs orphan!

Blum. If his art were always as ſure as his good intentions.

Phil. It is not leſs pleaſing to belong to a claſs of men, upon whom every ſtranger has a right to call for advice and aſſiſtance. When I coughed, ſpit blood, and was going full ſpeed to the

the open grave—I was a ſtranger to you—you came to me by day and by night, in ſtorm and rain; and though you could not always relieve me, your friendly good-natured look would comfort my child, and inſpire me with confidence. I did not know you; I am a poor man; a ſenſe of humanity brought you to my couch. Oh, bleſſed be the profeſſion, whoſe ſole motive is the love of mankind!

Blum. Have you my permiſſion to talk ſo much?

Phil. The effuſions of an overflowing heart are not to be calculated by the ſtrength of the lungs. I this day keep the anniverſary of my fifty-third year; and I have to thank you for it. This good girl is not yet fatherleſs, and I have to thank you for it.

Blum. I muſt indeed, my good man, in the quality of a phyſician, prohibit you to exert yourſelf ſo much. It is an attribute of great ſouls to carry their gratitude too far. I have done my duty; would to God my recompence were always ſuch!—This viſit is the viſit of a friend; you have no farther occaſion for the phyſician. When we were laſt night talking of your birth-day, I hoped to ſurpriſe you this morning with the agreeable intelligence of the adjuſtment of your lawſuit.

Phil. What a precious preſent it would have been!

Blum. I have not yet given up all hopes. The judge of our court of conſcience is the nobleſt ſoul I ever knew; perhaps the only man in the world who loves virtue for her own ſake: he alternately acts the part of a judge, of a father, of a brother. Conviction flows from his lips, and the milk of human nature guſhes forth from his heart. Do his generous exertions miſs their aim—his nights are deſtitute of ſleep; but has he ſucceeded in bringing about harmony and peace—he certainly lies down more content than thoſe to whom he gave them.

Phil. Heavens bleſs him!

Blum. You may perhaps this very day receive a teſtimony

a teſtimony of his unrelenting exertions in doing good.

Eyt. You are very expeditious, Doctor.

Blum, There can't be too much diſpatch in doing good.

Eyt. There may be too great diſpatch in that too. The Collector was juſt on the very road of obtaining a verdict in his favour; coſts and all.

Blum. Coſts and all! And are the fifteen years loſt to fraternal affection and tranquillity compriſed among the charges?

Eyt. (With a ſneer.) One plainly perceives that the Doctor is a novel-writer.

Blum. What harm is there in that? Men are often ſo bad in real life, that one finds true delight in conjuring better things from the regions of fancy. It is rather odd, that ſome ſhallow heads ſhould, with an air of diſdain, look down on a novel writer, and ſtrive to perſuade the world that he is fit for nothing elſe.

Eyt. There may be a good reaſon for it: the more ſolid ſciences are often neglected for theſe trifling purſuits.

Blum. We well know what the gentlemen of the bar call ſolid ſcience: barbarous conſtructions and phraſes, which nobody underſtands.

Eyt. And do people underſtand your preſcriptions?

Blum. Alas! no, Sir: and I give you leave to turn our quackiſh cant as much into ridicule as you pleaſe.

Eyt. You are caught, Doctor. Every profeſſion has, and by rights ought to have, its quackery, to command reſpect. You have your *recipe*, and I have my *clauſula rati, grati, et indemnificationis.* Serviteur. [*Exit.*

Blum. He ſeems diſpleaſed at your inclination to make up matters.

Phil. Soldiers and lawyers never pray for peace.

Blum. That court of conſcience is a thorn in his ſide.

Phil.

Phil. His intentions are good.

Blum. At leaſt all the town ſays ſo. For all that, there are people fortunate enough to be deemed honeſt, without being able to account for it.

Phil. Bad enough, that the fame of honeſty ſhould, as many other things, depend upon the caprice of fortune, and be the ſport of chance.

Ann. (*Entering.*) Breakfaſt is ready.

Phil. Directly; coming directly. The pure air has given me appetite. Won't you be a witneſs to it, Doctor?

Blum. I have a patient in the neighbourhood.

Phil. Then I'll not detain you a minute. I know with what anxiety a patient waits for the appearance of the doctor. Farewell, till we meet again. [*He enters the houſe, ſupported by* Ann.

SCENE X.

Charl. (*Approaching with diffidence.*) What will you think of me, dear Doctor, that I was ſo ſilent when my father thanked you ſo much? But God knows how it happens; every time any body does me ſome great ſervice, my tears will flow much faſter than my words.

Blum. Tears are the interpreters of the heart.

Charl. I could have wept with pleaſure, but I durſt not in that lawyer's preſence.

Blum. And durſt you before me, good child?

Charl. Before you? Oh, yes! In that dreadful night, when my father loſt ſo much blood. I ſaw tears run down your own cheeks.

Blum. I was wrong then. The heart of a phyſician ſhould be in full ſteel and armour, like the body of a tortoiſe.

Charl. God forbid! They could not then feel any ſatisfaction when they have reſtored happineſs to a diſtreſſed family. Oh! it muſt be a charming thing to help men in the moſt deſperate caſes. (*With great vivacity.*) Had I been a boy, I might have learnt to write preſcriptions

tions—might myſelf have cured my father. How uſeful, how happy would I have been!

Blum. I muſt bear you teſtimony, that your kind nurſing has done him more good than my medicines.

Charl. (*Delighted.*) Indeed! Are you in earneſt?

Blum. In full earneſt.

Charl. (*Burſting out in tears of joy.*) Oh, Sir! you don't know what inexpreſſible joy theſe words of yours give me. My father will now live to be an old man, won't he?

Blum. If he be careful; not exert himſelf too much—not indulge his paſſions.

Charl. That is my care. I will watch him, I will keep him from every thing that might prove dangerous to his health.

Blum. But will you always be about him?

Charl. Always? Yes; always.

Blum. But, if different duties ſhould call you?

Charl. Different ones? More ſacred ones never.

Blum. The duties of a wife—of a mother?

Charl. No; I will never marry.

Blum. Never marry?

Charl. No; if I muſt leave my father.

Blum. But you would then give him a ſon.

Charl. And the ſon would rob him of his daughter.

Blum. But ſuppoſe there was a man, who could procure your father a tranquil old age, free from care; a man, who, far from robbing him of the tender ſolicitude of his daughter, would fling the tie of love and homely felicity round three good ſouls; who would live under your roof, increaſe your joys, and ſhare your ſorrows?

Charl. Aye, if there were ſuch a one.

Blum. Could you love that man?

Charl. How could I do otherwiſe?

Blum. And if your father requeſted you to give that man your hand and heart—

Charl. With pleaſure! But that would be all I could give him; for we are poor.

Blum.

Blum. Oh! you don't know how rich you are—

Charl. If honeſty counts for riches.

Blum. Oh, yes! there are ſtill men in this bad world who know the value of honeſty; juſt as, in a deſert, a man knows to value a piece of bread, which in our ſumptuous palaces no lap-dog would deign to touch. Farewell, good child: I loſe myſelf when I am with you. Remember our converſation. A time may ſoon come, when I'll remind you of it. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

CHARLOTTE, WILLIAM.

Charl. (*Sunk in deep thought.*) What did he mean by that? Remember our converſation! (*After a pauſe, with a deep ſigh.*) Oh! I think I could never have forgot it. [*Advancing ſlowly towards the houſe.*

Will. (*Riſes.*) Dear Miſs!

Charl. (*Friendly.*) Well, William!

Will. I hope you will not take it amiſs—

Charl. No, William.

Will. I have juſt finiſhed a pair of ſhoes—

Charl. So I ſee.

Will. As this is your father's birth-day, and as your fondneſs for him is ſuch as to extract tears from my eyes, whilſt I was witneſſing it on yon ſtool, I would venture—but pray don't be angry with me—

Charl. How can I be angry? Your intentions are ſo pure.

Will. (*Laying his hand on his heart, and his eyes lifted up towards heaven.*) Yes, yes indeed, my intentions are pure.

Charl. Well then, ſpeak freely.

Will. I wiſh—you would—take theſe paltry pair of ſhoes as a preſent from me.

Charl. I thank you, good William; and will occaſionally return your kindneſs.

Will. No; that you muſt not. Oh! I am ſo glad you do not deſpiſe my ſhoes.

Charl. Fie! a preſent given with a good heart—who could deſpiſe it? *Will.*

Will. Do you ſay ſo, good Miſs? Well then, you have paid for the ſhoes over and over. The money of that great gentleman—oh, I have ſeen all!—you have rejected; and you take a pair of ſhoes of poor William! I know why—Poor William's intentions are pure and honeſt. That Count, or whatever he may be—be aware of him; the lawyer is his accomplice. On this very ſpot they have talked of things, of which only people of faſhion can talk with that indifference; and yet they looked at one another without a bluſh. I will not repeat them, it wouldn't become me. But beware of the Phariſees!

Charl. I thank you, honeſt William. Now I take your preſent with ſtill greater pleaſure; and when bad people ſhall ever attempt to entrap me with alluring language, I'll look down upon your ſhoes, and think of your warning.

[*Enters the houſe.*

SCENE XII.

Will. (*Wiping a tear from his eyes.*) That is a young lady, ſo good, ſo condeſcending—Oh, could the houſe but burn down over her head, that I might precipitate myſelf into the flames and reſcue her! Here ſhe ſtood; Honeſt William, ſhe ſaid. Mind that, William; if thou be not honeſt now to thy very laſt breath, thou oughteſt to go bare-foot to hell. [*The curtain drops.*

ACT II.

A Room in FRANK BERTRAM's *Houſe.*

SCENE I.

JACK BULLER, *ſitting at a Table, on which there is Wine and ſomewhat for Nuncheon.*

FIFTY-THREE years old! Long live—*(drinks)* how long?—all one, provided he outlive me. Lay his ſword and ſcabbard croſsways on his coffin; lead his horſe in mourning trappings

trappings behind his corpſe—no, do that who will.

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. GRIM.

Mrs. Grim. Good God! at the bottle again?

Jack. Yes, Mrs. Grim; I am drinking to the health of my brave maſter.

Mrs. Grim. Curſe that drinking to people's health; it is the very thing that makes them ill. Whoever drinks every body's health drinks his own away.

Jack. I drink only two, the king's and my maſter's.

Mrs. Grim. The king's! very patriotic upon my word. The old Collector, our maſter's brother, very likely had got himſelf into a conſumption by drinking the king's health.

Jack. (*In a paſſion.*) What! (*Containing himſelf.*) I'll tell you what, Mrs. Grim; you are ill informed. I'll tell you to a hair what has occaſioned his conſumption.

Mrs. Grim. Well.

Jack. He once had an ill-natured houſekeeper, who during the day kept ſcolding his ſervants, and at night regaled him with hymns.

Mrs. Grim. For the good of his ſoul, likely.

Jack. A true Xantippe, that would give him his wine by drops, and hide bottles full of Danzig cherry-water under her bed.

Mrs. Grim. Indeed!

Jack. In ſhort, a Xantippe; who—your health, Mrs. Grim. Brr! that went down my throat like fuſed lead.

Mrs. Grim. What ſtuff do you drink there that is ſo bad?

Jack. Will you taſte it? (*Filling a glaſs.*)

Mrs. Grim. Let's ſee. (*Empties the glaſs at one breath.*) Hem! that taſtes ſomewhat like—pray fill again. (*Jack fills, and ſhe drinks as before.*) No, that's good for nothing.

Jack. May be; but then it coſts no more than twelve kreuzers: twelve kreuzers honeſtly got.

Mrs. Grim. Come to-night to my little room, there I'll give you ſomething nice.

Jack. Thank you, Madam: I want no ſleeping draught to lull my conſcience to reſt.

Mrs. Grim. You are, and always will be, a grumbler; a queer fiſh: there is no dealing with you.

Jack. I am too old to alter my habits.

Mrs. Grim. You might procure yourſelf good old days.

Jack. Well! an't I enjoying myſelf?

Mrs. Grim. With that ſloe-juice!—ha! ha! ha!

Jack. Sour wine will ſweeten as it paſſes through an honeſt throat, Mrs. Grim.

Mrs. Grim. Ay, ay! you talk a good deal of honeſty; but you never go to church, and never ſing a hymn.

Jack. And I never rob my maſter, nor ſpeak ſcandal of my neighbour.

Mrs. Grim. You might at leaſt attend at my prayers in the evening.

Jack. And help you to count your money.

Mrs. Grim. And not always tell tales to your maſter—

Jack. But ſhut my eyes.

Mrs. Grim. You are a droll man. What do we ſerve for? Maſter has no children.

Jack. Maſter has a brother and a niece.

Mrs. Grim. He has indeed: bad people! that will vex and plague him on purpoſe: and to them he is to leave all that fine fortune.

Jack. (*Archly ſignificant.*) As to that—if Heaven grants him long life, there won't be much left to bequeath.

Mrs. Grim. How long can the old grumbler live yet? he is going very faſt, that's plain enough.

Jack. (*Earneſtly.*) Think you ſo?

Mrs. Grim. His faculties decay apace.

Jack. (*Terrified.*) Do they?

Mrs.

Mrs. Grim. Yet a couple of months—

Jack. What?

Mrs Grim. Suppoſe we grant him till October; till the next fall of the leaves?

Jack. What, ſo ſoon? *(Affected.)* Oh, no! *(Diſpleaſed.)* No! *(Stamping with his foot.)* No! no!

Mrs. Grim. You may ſay a hundred times over, No! when death ſays, Yes! he is likely to have the laſt word. But there is the conſequence: had maſter taken my miraculous eſſence of Hall—

Jack. When the leaves fall off the trees! has the doctor ſaid ſo?

Mrs. Grim. What doctor? I underſtand thoſe matters full as well as that green doctor. Maſter has the gout; that will fix in his ſtomach, and gone he is.

Jack. Well, I wiſh you may bite the duſt before the cherries are ripe. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Mrs. GRIM; *ſoon afterwards* EYTERBORN.

Mrs. Grim. Diſagreeable fellow! I muſt ſpare him; he has ingratiated himſelf with my maſter. I have driven twenty ſervants out of the houſe with a ſingle word; but of that confounded grumbler I cannot rid myſelf.

Eyt. (Stepping forward very ſofily.) Good morrow, my revered friend.

Mrs. Grim. (Very friendly.) God bleſs you, dear Mr. Eyterborn. What brings you ſo early?

Eyt. Early, indeed; and yet too late.

Mrs. Grim. What's the meaning of that?

Eyt. There are ſerious things going forward.

Mrs. Grim. Serious things!

Eyt. The old man will come to an agreement—

Mrs. Grim. (Frightened.) With his brother?

Eyt. The ſuit has been carried before the court of conſcience.

Mrs. Grim. Impoſſible!

Eyt. I have juſt left the court; both the brothers have ſigned full powers.

Mrs. Grim. To whom?

Eyt. To Dr. Blum.

Mrs. Grim. To that fop? without mentioning a ſingle ſyllable of me! without taking your advice!

Eyt. Gently, gently, Mrs. Grim; paſſion will ſpoil all.

Mrs. Grim. What muſt we do then?

Eyt. Countermine; create ſuſpicion againſt the intruding pacificator; work up the minds of the parties.

Mrs. Grim. And if that don't take?

Eyt. If that fail—well, then they will compromiſe matters; proceed to a reconciliation; then an affecting ſcene will take place; the two old fools will ſhed hot tears; the young niece will flatter and careſs the old uncle, and lay hold of his ſucceſſion.

Mrs. Grim. Lay hold of the ſucceſſion! wrench it out of my hands!

Eyt. Yes, yes, Mrs. Grim. That is the reward of all the trouble you have been at theſe maay years; all your cares and anxiety have ſerved to no other purpoſe than to ſcrape together a rich dowry for that fooliſh girl.

Mrs. Grim. Hold, Sir! I am going to faint away.

Eyt. I would faint away three times if I could but help it.

Mrs. Grim. In fact, ſweet friend of my ſoul, you are, after all, the greateſt loſer of the two. I never had any thing in view but your dear perſon.

Eyt. Serviteur.

Mrs. Grim. When I was ſaving night and day, and now and then cabbaged a penny, I did it only that I might not make a tender of an empty hand to my future conſort.

Eyt. Obligé.

Mrs. Grim. My fortune, indeed, is but ſcanty. What is a couple of thouſand dollars? All my hopes were fixed on that ſucceſſion.

Eyt.

Eyt. If it were but ſigned only.

Mrs. Grim. Well, God's will be done! I am confident that my future dear huſband has not choſen me for the gain of temporary treaſures.

Eyt. But, Mrs. Grim, whilſt we live in this temporary world, we ſhall ſtand in need of theſe temporary treaſures.

Mrs. Grim. Induſtry, economy, (*affectedly*) and love—

Eyt. Serviteur.

Mrs. Grim. You are an honeſt man.

Eyt. (*His hand on his breaſt.*) That I am; and you are a religious woman.

Mrs. Grim. That I am. Then we will not deſpond; but ſet to work like good Chriſtians, and bring confuſion and ſhame on our enemies. But ſhould the wicked triumph, we ſhall always have a hut, wherein we may dwell in love and harmony. Shan't we, my dear Mr. Eyterborn?

Eyt. Alas! thoſe huts, thoſe huts appear ſweet only in paſtoral poems. I could like a nice bequeſt better than all the huts throughout the Roman empire.

SCENE VI.

FRANK BERTRAM *enters on a Crutch.*

Frank. Good morrow, children; good morrow. I have ſlept curſedly late this morning. I may thank the late viſit of laſt night for it.

Eyt. Had you many gueſts laſt night, my patron?

Frank. Only one gueſt; only one, Sir; and may the devil take him. One is full enough. The gout, friend! the gout! (*Sitting down.*) Sit down, if you pleaſe: ſtand, if you won't ſit. With me things are gone ſo far, that I might as well be nailed to my chair.

Eyt. It is a diſtemper which only raps at the door of the rich.

Frank. Rap at the door, Sir! It breaks in by night like a thief.

Mrs. Grim. Had you taken my wonderful eſſence of Hall—

Frank. (*In a paſſion.*) I'll tell you what, Mrs. Grim; keep your wonderful eſſences for yourſelf: none of them for me. I can't for my life bear the idea of your wonders. The other day a famous baſs ſinger was advertiſed: but I would not go to his performance, only becauſe his name was Wonder.

Mrs. Grim. You did right, Sir; that fellow ſung nothing but profane ſongs, airs of the opera, and ſuch worldly profligacy.

Frank. Pray what did you talk of when I came in? let me hear, pray.

Eyt. We were talking—

Mrs. Grim. We lamented—

Eyt. We wondered—

Mrs. Grim. And were vexed—

Frank. What? at what?

Eyt. That it is ſo eaſy for bad people to overreach the good.

Frank. Nothing elſe? The old ſong.

Eyt. I hear, Captain, you have given full powers to Dr. Blum.

Frank. Yes, ſo I have.

Mrs. Grim. You will compromiſe matters with your brother?

Frank. Yes, I will.

Eyt. Very odd, after fifteen years.

Frank. I ought to have done it fifteen years ago, ſure enough.

Eyt. Juſt at the time when your cauſe has taken ſo favourable a turn—

Frank. That's the very thing; it always turns, and never goes forward.

Eyt. The point of incidence concerning the *forum privilegiatum* was to be decided this very week.

Frank. And what was I to gain by that?

Eyt. The certain knowledge of the court that is to decide in the affair.

Frank. Indeed! and then we were to have it all over again? Thus have I in fifteen years ſo far ſucceeded as to know where I muſt bring the action.

Eyt.

Eyt. That is not my fault; I am an honeſt man.

Frank. I know that.

Eyt. The chicanery of your brother—

Frank. For that very reaſon. He ſeemed to be diſpoſed to lodge me under hatches. But I have now chaſed him from the ocean of Chicane to Court of Conſcience harbour, and there I'll block him up. He ſhan't eſcape, I warrant ye.

Eyt. I dare ſay he'll be glad to get off ſo well.

Frank. What do you call well? Think you the court of conſcience will adjudge him the garden?

Eyt. (*Shrugging up his ſhoulders.*) Who knows?

Frank. And if ſo, the whole traſh is not worth above three hundred dollars, and the ſuit coſt me as many thouſands.

Mrs. Grim. What vexes me is, that this wicked man ſhould be right at laſt.

Frank. Be right? No ſuch thing, Mrs. Grim. He may get the garden, but not with right.

Mrs. Grim. Your paternal poſſeſſion.

Frank. Ay, that it was.

Eyt. Whilſt you were encountering a thouſand dangers on the high ſeas—

Mrs. Grim. He ſnatches away the garden as Jacob did the rights of his firſt-born brother.

Frank. Ay, ſo he did, the ſcoundrel.

Mrs. Grim. And now he is beſides to be your heir.

Frank. My heir! who ſays ſo?

Mrs. Grim. If you compromiſe—

Frank. What then?

Mrs. Grim. You will then certainly come to a formal reconciliation.

Frank. Never.

Mrs. Grim. There will then be great joy in this houſe.

Eyt. Well, Mrs. Grim, no harm done. We ſhall at leaſt have a good dinner for all our trouble.

Mrs. Grim. I won't touch a ſaucepan, I warrant ye. Young Miſs may go and dreſs the victuals herſelf.

Eyt.

Eyt. She will do that with pleaſure. She rejoices already in the idea of managing the property of her dear uncle.

Frank. Avaſt there! Don't put me in a paſſion. What's all this fooliſh talk?

Eyt. Miſs Bertram will know how to inſinuate herſelf. She will turn the cloak to the wind. She had ſcarcely been apprized of an agreement being ſet on foot, but ſhe immediately broke off all her little intrigues; becauſe ſhe thought dear uncle might take them amiſs, and leſſen her dowry.

Frank. What! has the girl an intrigue?

Eyt. I wouldn't take upon me to ſay ſo. I am an honeſt man, you know; and had rather ſay any thing that is good of my neighbour. There is a Count Sonnenſtern, a nice young nobleman; he makes himſelf at home at the Collector's, frequently takes a walk with Miſs—

Mrs. Grim. Takes a walk? Good Heaven!

Eyt. And in the evening will ſit at the ſtreet-door with her—

Mrs. Grim. In the evening! Oh ſhame!

Frank. Thunder and lightning! the impudent huſſy.

Eyt. How would it have been poſſible for your brother to keep up ſo expenſive a law-ſuit, if he had not thought of all theſe little means to procure caſh?

Frank. Little means; a plague on ſuch little means!

Eyt. May be the Doctor has alſo ſome inclination for the girl; but he will not take her without money: hence he is ſo anxious to bring about a reconciliation.

Frank. Avaſt there, Sir! leave the Doctor alone. That man is as true as the needle of a compaſs; he always points to the pole of virtue.

Eyt. May be I am wrong. As an honeſt man, and your attorney, I am obliged to tell you my opinion.

Frank.

Frank. Thank ye, thank ye. I'll occaſionally make uſe of your advice. It is not at all for the ſake of my brother that I wiſh for an agreement; I only want to be quiet. Fifteen years ago I'd have preferred to be ſet aſhore on an uninhabited iſland, to giving up an hair's breadth of my right. But now I am getting old; I am ſickly; ſhould wiſh to die in peace, and not to have my laſt days embittered by a law-ſuit.

Eyt. Very laudable.

Mrs. Grim. And chriſtian-like!

Frank. But if my brother has a mind to angle in muddy water, and if he and his pretty Miſs aim at my ſucceſſion, they have made their reckoning without their hoſt.

Eyt. That's talking like a man now.

Mrs. Grim. And juſtly too.

Eyt. If the Captain ſhould think of a will—

Mrs. Grim. (*In a whining tone.*) Oh! don't talk of wills; it will break my heart.

Eyt. Well, well, Mrs. Grim; a man don't die a minute the ſooner for that. The Captain loves order.

Frank. Very right; I'll think of it.

Eyt. Some Chriſtian foundation—

Frank. No ſuch thing, Sir. Avaſt! that won't do.

Eyt. Or ſome reward for honeſt ſervices.

Frank. Ay, there is ſenſe in that.

Mrs. Grim. Oh dear! who would not do any thing for ſo good a maſter, even without a reward in this world? Heaven grant him long life!

Frank. Thank you, Mrs. Grim. I'll not forget you.

SCENE V.

Enter Dr. BLUM.

Frank. Welcome, dear Doctor. (*Pointing at his feet.*) The enemy holds out bravely yet.

Blum. We will make peace with him.

Frank. Could we but come to an amneſty meanwhile.

Blum. When eaſe and tranquillity have concluded

cluded peace in the cabinet of the mind, the rebellious ſubjects lay down their arms of their own accord.

Eyt. There's a phyſician for you, that cures people with ſentences.

Blum. A moſt excellent medicine: it's a pity that ſo few bodies are affected by it.

Eyt. Pacificators will ſeldom pleaſe both parties.

Blum. For that reaſon many people prefer to create diſſenſions—

Mrs. Grim. Much better than to meddle with eggs not yet laid.

Blum. Particularly if ſnake eggs.

Frank Avaſt! avaſt! I tell you. That looks much like an engagement. I begin to ſee your drift. The one would have me ſteer to the windward, the other to the leeward. Both wiſh me well—may think their own courſe to be the beſt. But my veſſel is leaky; I'll follow him who points out a ſecure harbour, and bids me winter there.

Blum. Well ſaid, Captain. Keep true to theſe ſentiments, and the gout will never get the better of you.

Frank. If it were not for my health, I'd perſecute that wicked fellow to the very grave.

Blum. That did not come from your heart.

Frank. No, nor ſhould it. If the heart palliates a crime, and were it a brother's crime, the heart is an old goſſip.

Blum. Your brother is neither profligate nor criminal.

Frank. He has theſe fifteen years been dragging me from tribunal to tribunal.

Blum. Who has commenced the action?

Frank. I have; and why? I do not quarrel with him for that paltry bit of a garden; but for the love of our parents. "Brother," ſaid I to him, "that won't do. The world will think I am an undutiful child; and that our father has bequeathed all to thee, becauſe thy brother is a good-for-nothing fellow. Seeſt thou, brother," ſaid

ſaid I, "that won't do? My honour—my heart —my fame is hurt—let's ſhare conſcientiouſly." But that he would not; he builds his claim on a ſurreptitious will; "He could not," ſaid he, "injure his minor infant."—Woe on the man who accumulates unjuſt wealth for his children!

Mrs. Grim. Yes, yes; woe on that man!

Blum. The accumulation of wealth here ſeems to be quite out of the queſtion. The object, by your own account, is too trifling. Say, rather that your paſſions have interfered; and what claſs of men fare better by the paſſions than the gentlemen of the law?

Eyt. Serviteur.

Blum. Had you calmly ſtated your claims—I know your brother—he would have yielded. But you would make a noiſe; you flew into a paſſion, and ſo did he. The flame roſe high; miſchievous people poured oil on it, and a fire was lighted, which laſted fifteen years, whilſt diſſenſion between two brothers gave it fuel. Every raſh expreſſion that eſcaped you was immediately reported to your brother; every biting anſwer of his, increaſed with additions as it travelled along, was imprinted hot on your heart. The moſt unmeaning words from his lips were ſharpened into pointed arrows; and every inſignificant ſeaman's oath of yours was conſtrued into a blow with a ſword. Your friends took your part, whilſt his friends did the ſame by him. In fact you were both wrong. But there are good friends, that will ſanction every thing, and ſay inwardly—What is it to me? I won't fall out with him about it. There were others (*looking ſignificantly at Eyterborn,*) who acted the part of a good friend both with you and your hrother; who, under the pretence of bringing about a reconciliation, rendered the affair ſtill more intricate; who created ſuſpicion and diſtruſt, conjured up phantoms, and led you into the labyrinths of the goddeſs of Juriſprudence, whoſe waxen noſe you may eaſily twiſt whither

whither you pleaſe, but will never melt in the ray of philanthropy. In this manner lawſuits ariſe, Captain; in this manner poiſon is mixed in the cup of human happineſs; in this manner the mortal blow is given to fraternal love and harmony. Oh, Sir! could we deprive lawſuits of that fuel which they derive from conceit and obſtinacy on one hand, from irreſolution, inſinuation, and cupidity, on the other, our judges would be at little trouble, and we might ſee our lawyers ſtarve with hunger.

Eyt. Thank you for the prognoſtic.

Mrs. Grim. Whnt a pity the Doctor isn't a preacher!

Frank. Truth is a good thing in the mouth of any man.

Blum. I bring you the cheering hope of ſeeing your ſuit at an end this very day..

Eyt. True.

Mrs Grim. Well, that is excellent!

Frank. My beſt thanks, friend.

Eyt. Probably concеſſions will be made on both ſides.

Blum. Very probably.

Eyt. Both by him who is right, and by him who is wrong?

Blum. By both; for there never exiſted an action yet, in which one of the parties was perfectly right.

Frank. May be. I wiſh to be rid of it at any rate. If it concerned even the gardens of the Heſperides, or the famous park of Stowe in England, I would ſacrifice them for the pleaſure of ſpending my few remaining years quietly in the ſhade of the lime-tree that ſtands before my houſe.

Blum. I have made no bad uſe of your full powers, and I hope you will be ſatisfied with my exertions. Oh, with what ecſtaſy I am waiting for the moment when I ſhall lead your brother to your embraces, and when I ſhall ſee a tear trickle

trickle down along the furrows which diſcord has engraven on the fraternal cheek!

Frank. Avaſt, Doctor! that won't do. The ſuit may be compromiſed; be it ſo in the name of God. But as to that gentleman, my brother, let him keep aloof.

Blum. If that were the caſe, it would be a good action left half way.

Frank. A wretch, who is the pander of his own daughter—

Blum. What! who dares to utter this aſperſion?

Frank. Young Count Sonnenſtern—with him ſhe is ſo intimate, that all the neighbourhood talks of it.

Blum. A moſt ſcandalous falſehood. What venomous inſect has contaminated the purity of that flower?

Frank. All one; I ſha'n't inquire into the merits of the ſtory. Suffice it that I hate her father, and he hates me.

Blum. He hate you! he does not indeed! Had you this very morning been a witneſs to the feelings with which he received his daughter's congratulations on the occaſion of his birthday—to thoſe feelings with which he dwelt on the recollection that you were twins, and that conſequently this was alſo your birthday—

Frank. Did he ſo?

Eyt. Your birthday?

Mrs. Grim. Good heavens! and no one has thought of it!

Frank. All one.

Blum. Your brother has thought of it. With rapture he ſpoke of thoſe happy times, when on this day there was a family feaſt kept in homely concord.

Frank. Ay, ay; thoſe were happy times—and did he ſpeak of them?

Blum. Your mother, he ſaid, uſed to be ſo happy then.

Frank. Yes, ſhe uſed to be very happy on that day.

Blum. She then uſed to take you both in her arms, and exhort you to concord.

Frank. Yes, ſhe did ſo.

Blum. During the laſt year of her life, ſhe ſaid, When I am gone, long gone, remember me on this day, and let me revive in your mutual affection.

Frank. (Highly affected.) Yes, ſhe ſaid ſo.

Blum Then you embraced each other, and whilſt a mother's tear dropped on your cheeks, you vowed one another eternal love. Your brother's ſobs ſtopped his voice.

Frank (Diſpleaſed at his weakneſs) Nor can I hear you talk of it without ſhedding tears.

Eyt. (Making a ſignal to Mrs. Grim.) Pleaſe Captain, to accept of the hearty congratulation of an honeſt man.

Frank. Thank ye, thank ye.

Mrs. Grim. (Solemnly.) May Heaven pour proſperity, health, and happineſs, on the remoteſt days—

Frank. Avaſt! full enough.

Mrs. Grim. Good God! the Captain's birthday cannot, muſt not be kept ſo privately.

Frank. Yes, privately; I like that beſt.

Blum. The hours of contentment flow ſilently along.

Mrs. Grim. But we muſt have an almond cake.

Frank. No occaſion for it.

Mrs. Grim. Ah, but I won't be deprived of that ſatisfaction.

Frank. Be it ſo then, if that can make you happy.

Mrs. Grim. (*To the Doctor.*) The almond cake won't hurt the Captain, I hope?

Blum. Nothing will hurt, that is taken with an eaſy mind.

Mrs. Grim. Your ſervant. Now, no living ſoul ſhall make me ſtir from the kitchen till dinner-time; and whilſt I am baking the cake I'll ſing a hymn to the praiſe of the Lord. Then every

ry thing proſpers. (*Secretly to* Eyterborn.) At four o'clock I expect you in my little room.

Eyt. (*Looking at his watch.*) I am called to my occupations. Should the agreement fail, and Captain Bertram want the ſervice of an honeſt man—

Frank. The honeſt man will be welcome at any time, even without his ſervices.

Eyt. Serviteur. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

FRANK BERTRAM, *Doctor* BLUM.

Frank. That Mrs. Grim is however a good ſoul. She looks like a monkey, but ſhe has a good heart.

Blum. If the countenance were the mirror of the ſoul, as ſome people will have it—

Frank. Nonſenſe. The ſoul is reflected only in a man's actions, and not in his countenance. I have known many an honeſt man with the face of a ſatyr, and many a rogue as handſome as an Adonis. There is Mrs. Grim; what pains that poor woman takes, and for what? No reſt either by day or by night! A continual plague! Continually haraſſed with the cares of the houſe!

Blum. I could wiſh her manners were ſomewhat more obliging.

Frank. True, Doctor. But there is ſo little good done in this world, that one ought to be glad to take it of any body, be his manners what they will. A clear ſpring refreſhes, though it come from a rugged rock—and as to manners, what are mine, pray? Are they pleaſant? I am ſcolding all day long.

Blum. A painful diſorder excuſes ill humour.

Frank. What! is illneſs an excuſe? and a good heart none? No, no, Doctor; leave Mrs. Grim alone. God forgive me, if I often ſnarl at her like a huſband.

Blum. (*Smiling.*) God forgive you the compariſon.

Frank. *(With indifference.)* I have never been married.

Blum. So much the worſe.

Frank. That depends upon circumſtances. Suppoſe now I had a wife, that from her corner would look at me with a frown, and ſay to herſelf, There he ſits—has got the gout—ill humour—plagues me day and night—and I am tied to him, muſt endure him whether I chooſe or not. No, Doctor, I muſt praiſe Mrs. Grim for that; ſhe does all for me of her own accord; no chains rivet her to my perſon; ſhe will go and bake an almond cake for me, though the parſon hasn't united us.

Blum. She may thank her ſaints to have met with a man, whoſe heart is good enough to accept of an almond cake as a pledge of love. What a happy life a tender ſpouſe would lead with you! You very likely never witneſſed the ſweet effuſions of a happy huſband and father at the celebration of his birthday?

Frank. No, never.

Blum. When the little ones ſtand watching at the chamber-door to ſee if their father is awake, and meanwhile rehearſe in a hurry the few verſes they have got off in honour of the day. Now, they ſtep into the room, their hair nicely combed, with their beſt clothes on, whilſt the mother ſtands concealed behind the curtain, and drops a tear of joy on its trimmings.

Frank. Ay, ay, it muſt be very pretty.

Blum. When the mother, who early ſtole from his ſide, diffidently comes forth from her concealment, and, bride-like, ſinks in his embrace to preſent him with a waiſtcoat, or a purſe, which ſhe knit for him without his knowledge—

Frank. An almond cake will do quite as well.

Blum. Oh ſure! A good heart will convert paltry cryſtals into diamonds. When Love preſents the boon, the beggar is as good as his king.

Frank. Well ſaid, Doctor.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter JACK BULLER.

Jack. (*Good-naturedly.*) Good day to you, Captain.

Frank. Good day to you, Jack.

Jack. This is your birthday, Sir.

Frank. I know.

Jack. I am heartily rejoiced at it.

Frank. I know that likewiſe.

Jack. You yeſterday broke your ſea foam tobacco-pipe.

Frank. Well, Jack booby, what buſineſs have you to put me in mind of it? It was a curſed fooliſh trick. You muſt know, Doctor, I ſuffered laſt night moſt confoundedly in that great toe. Your bath of muriatic acid, that your Mr. Rowley, or what you call him, has ſo much recommended, wouldn't do; and ſo, I ſmack'd the pipe on the floor, and daſh'd it to a thouſand pieces: that didn't mend matters neither. But mind ye, Jack Buller, all men will play fooliſh tricks, but I have met none yet, that liked to be put in mind of them.

Jack. I meant no harm, Sir; it was to ſerve only as a kind of introduction. I have bought this wooden head, and a tube to it of ebony: if it be not too coarſe, and Captain Bertram would do me the favour to accept of a trifle, on his birthday, of old Jack—

Frank. Is that it? Come, let's look at it.

Jack. It's not ſea-foam, ſure enough. But then, Captain Bertram will remember, that Jack Buller's love for his maſter is not altogether mere foam, neither.

Frank. Hand it, old boy.

Jack. It ought to have a ſilver edging, I know; but Jack couldn't afford it.

Frank. Thank ye.

Jack. Will you keep it, Sir?

Frank. Surely.

Jack. And will you ſmoke out of it?

Frank. Moſt certainly. (*Putting his hand in his pocket.*)

Jack. (*Obſerving what he is about.*) And you will not return me any thing for it?

Frank. (*Withdrawing his hand ſuddenly.*) No, no; you are right.

Jack. Hurah! Now, Mrs. Grim may bake her cake of cabbaged groats, if ſhe pleaſe.

Frank. Fie, Jack. What do you ſay?

Jack. Truth. I am juſt come out of the kitchen. She is making the devil of a fuſs about her cake, and yet ſhe muſt be told this very morning, that to-day was her maſter's birth-day. I have been enjoying it theſe four weeks.

Frank. And becauſe you have a better memory, you would blame the poor woman? Shame on ye!

Jack. And pleaſe your honour, the woman is a good-for-nothing—

Frank. Avaſt!

Jack. Yeſterday ſhe was to make you a wine ſoup, but ſhe uſed beer as a ſubſtitute; and to-day, by way of making it up, ſhe treats you with a cake.

Frank. Hold your tongue.

Jack. She'll let you want your very neceſſaries; muſtn't you beg for a clean ſhirt, as if it were alms?

Frank. (*Paſſionately.*) Hold your tongue; I bid ye.

Jack. When you was bled laſt year, ſhe had whole boxes full of linen, and there wasn't as much as a bandage for her maſter, Wasn't I obliged to tear my Sunday's ſhirt to pieces in a hurry to let you have one?

Frank. Jack, you have a ſcandalous tongue. Go to the devil with your pipe. (*Throwing it at his feet.*)

Jack. (*Looking wiſtfully, alternately at the pipe, and at his maſter.*) I a ſcandalous tongue?

Frank. Yes.

Jack.

Jack. You won't have my pipe?

Frank. No; I'll take nothing of a fellow that will be good alone.

[Jack *vexed, takes the pipe, and throws it out of the window.*

Frank. Fellow! what are you about?

Jack. Throwing that pipe out of the window.

Frank. Are you mad?

Jack. What muſt I do with it? You won't have it; and I would certainly not once ſmoke out of it in all my life: as often as I puff out the ſmoke, I muſt ſay to myſelf, "Jack Buller, thou art a wretch; the man whom thou haſt ſerved honeſtly and truly for thirty years, has called thee a ſcandalous babbler." And then I muſt each time weep like a child. But when the pipe is once gone to pot, I ſhall forget it. I'll think my poor maſter was ill, and meant no harm.

Frank. (*Affected.*) Jack, come hither. (*Shaking him by the hand.*) I meant no harm.

Jack. (*Kiſſing his hand.*) I knew that. I have the beſt heart for you, Sir; and when I ſay, that ſuch an old hypocrite cheats you, and lives luxurioſly on the money you have earned with ſo much trouble, my blood boils.

Frank. Are you at it again?

Jack. Deal by me as you like. But I am launched; and all muſt come out now. Two days ago I by chance made a diſcovery:—In my garret there is by the ſide of the fire-grate a hole in the floor with a ſlider to it; whoever built this houſe muſt have had his reaſons for leaving a hole juſt at that place. I was ſtanding there, buſy rummaging among my old rags, when the ſlider ſtruck my ſight. How! thinks I to myſelf, what may that be for? and ſo I knock'd my foot againſt it, the ſlider gave way—and look ye there—you may have a peep through it into Mrs. Grim's little chamber.

Frank. And liſten, if you have a mind?

Jack. And liſten, if one loves one's maſter.

Frank.

Frank. Well, and what have you diſcovered there?

Jack. That miſchief-maker, Eyterborn, teaches her to ſharpen and hook the arrows which ſhe ſhoots at your ſtrong box.

Frank. (*Paſſionately.*) Avaſt, fellow, avaſt! Has the Devil got the better of you, to make you alight to-day on every bright mirror, like ſome impudent fly? Eyterborn, the moſt honeſt man in town—

Jack. I ſhould think that honeſty, if it be of the right ſort, ought to ſtand the look of any one that peeps at it through a hole in the garret.

Frank. Old boy, thou giveſt me to-day a peep into the very hold of thy heart.

Jack. So much the better: my ballaſt is love and fidelity for my maſter.

Blum. I think it worth while at any rate to inquire into the buſineſs.

Frank. And ſo I will. I will hop up into the garret with my lame foot, and there—I can hardly pronounce the mean word—and there liſten. But God have mercy on thee, fellow, if thou haſt belied me. I'll turn thee out of doors without mercy.

Jack. (*Good-natured*) Ah, but you wouldn't.

Frank. What?

Jack. No; you wouldn't.

Frank. (*In a paſſion.*) But I will, I tell thee; I will, by Jove! And if you ſay one ſingle word more, I'll turn you out immediately.

Jack. Well, then old Jack Buller goes to the hoſpital.

Frank. (*Affected by theſe words.*) To the hoſpital! What!—What would you do there?

Jack. What elſe but die?

Frank. Thou die in an hoſpital! Eh! doſt think I cannot take care of thee, if even I turn thee out of my houſe?

Jack. Oh, yes, I know you are the man who would throw a purſe of money at me, ſufficient to ſupport me while I lived; but I had rather beg my bread than pick up the money thus thrown at me.

Frank. Rather beg your bread? There is a proud fellow for you! *Jack.*

Jack. Whoever diſlikes me, muſt not make me a preſent.

Frank. Do you hear, Doctor? Isn't it enough to give a man a fit of the gout, that hadn't it? When, four and twenty years ago, we fell into the hands of the Algerines, and the pirates had torn my very jacket from my back, that fellow had concealed a couple of gold pieces in his tail: no one found them out. Six months afterwards we were ranſomed. We got off with our lives and our freedom, but I was as naked as my hand; and muſt have begged my way home, (*in a faultering voice*) hadn't that fellow there ſhared his gold-pieces with me: and now (*in the tone of paſſion*) he talks of dying in an hoſpital.

Jack. (Repentant.) Captain—

Frank. And when my crew had mutinied, and he revealed the plot at the hazard of his life—Haſt thou forgot that, fellow?

Jack. You built my old mother a houſe for that.

Frank. And when we engaged that brave Frenchman, yard-arm to yard-arm; when his broad-ſword ſtood over my head, and thou didſt lame the hand that was going to ſend me to my fathers—Haſt thou likewiſe forgot that? Have I built thee a houſe for that? Wilt thou ſtill die in an hoſpital? wilt thou?

Jack. My good maſter!—

Frank. Do you mean I ſhould like to have theſe words engraven on my tomb-ſtone: "Here lieth an ungrateful dog?" Immediately tell me you will die under my roof, you rogue! Come, ſhake hands.

Jack. (*Dropping at his feet.*) Yes, my good maſter; this hand ſhall cloſe Jack Buller's eyes.

Frank. Avaſt there! don't come too near my lame foot. But if thou muſt come near, I had rather have thee too near my leg than too near my heart.

Blum. Excellent! I muſt avail myſelf of that humour. Whoever can behave ſo to an old, true ſervant, cannot be implacable to a brother. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

FRANK BERTRAM, JACK BULLER.

Frank. Get up, go fetch me the pipe.

Jack. With pleaſure! (*Riſing.*) But what did the Doctor ſay about your brother? Will that reconciliation come to paſs?

Frank. He hopes ſo.

Jack. And you wiſh it. Is'nt it ſo?

Frank. Yes; if I could undo many things that have been done.

Jack. But who knows if all that people have put in your head, has been done? There are bad folks, that will blow wherever they ſee a little ſmoke, till they bring it to a blaze. Then they'll ſtand with their arms acroſs, and look on with miſchievous eye; nay, put in a billet to increaſe the fire, but none of them would bring a tumbler-full of water to quench the flame.

Frank. Yes, yes; you may be right there, old boy.

Jack. I have witneſſed many a fire, and ſeen people form themſelves into two rows, and paſs the buckets from hand to hand. When the flame of diſcord breaks out, it is quite the ſame; the buckets will run from hand to hand, but the well where they are filled contains oil.

Frank. May be.

Jack. If I were you I would diſappoint theſe bad people. Take but half a ſtep to meet him. After all, he is your brother. You are twins.

Frank. (*Looking ſtraight forward.*) My brother!

Jack. God bleſs that good Doctor! I have always thought a phyſician could only cure the body, and that for ſuch a reconciliation it needed a parſon. But what matters the coat or the wig?

Frank. (*Sighing.*) Brother! brother!

Jack. What avails it, if he cure you of the gout? die you muſt. But if he could cure that bad wound, which otherwiſe will perhaps not cloſe even in the grave—

Frank.

Frank. Ay, if he could do that—

Jack. And when your brother with a friendly ſmile ſteps in here—

Frank. (*Starting.*) Step in here! Here?

Jack. Yes; and when he ſtretches out his hand—

Frank. Stretch out—his hand! (*Mechanically ſtretching out his hand, and withdrawing it again.*)

Jack. And when he cries out to you, Brother, don't withdraw thy hand—

Frank. (*Uneaſy.*) Well! what then?

Jack. And then with his hand open to receive yours, draws nearer and nearer—

Frank. Nearer and nearer. (*Tendering his hand as by ſtarts.*)

Jack. And ſays, Brother Frank, our mother ſees us—

Frank. (*Uneaſily moving on his chair.*) When he ſays ſo—

Jack. And flies into your arms.

Frank. (*Opening his arms.*) Brother Philip!

[*The curtain drops.*

ACT III.

The Scenery the ſame as in the Firſt Act.

SCENE I.

WILLIAM (*working at a large Boot*).

WHETHER a man make a pair of ſlippers for a pretty girl, or a pair of boots for a horſeman, one ſhould ſay, muſt be the ſame thing; and yet it an't!—Where is the difference?—the ſame thread—the ſame leather—but not the ſame foot!—Ay, there is the rub! When I look at this boot, my imagination repreſents to me the figure of a heavy horſeman with all his accoutrements, and then the work partakes of the heavy man. But a ſhoe for Miſs Charlotte—(*Looking round, and ſlapping his own mouth.*) Huſh!

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter CHARLOTTE *knitting.*

Charl. 'Always induſtrious, William!

Will. Induſtrious! No, Miſs.—This morning I may have been ſo.

Charl. A perſon that begins to work at the peep of day, ought to lie down a little after dinner.

Will. Oh dear, Miſs! I don't know, but ſleep has been a ſtranger to me ſome time!

Count. How does that happen?—You are young and well.

Will. Very true! I can eat and drink well too; but with ſleep I am quite fallen out. When I am up in my room and hear your father cough, or you walk—oh, I can very well diſtinguiſh your ſteps from thoſe of old Ann!—gone is ſleep!

Charl. Poor William!—Then we prevent you from ſleeping?

Will. No matter for that!—I muſt confeſs I ſometimes feel as if I were glad when your papa begins to cough, for I know that I then ſhall hear you run to his aſſiſtance.

Charl. (*Looking round.*) Oh, there is that troubleſome Count again!—One cannot get a ſtep out of doors!—Now, William, I'll think of your ſhoes—

SCENE III.

Enter SONNENSTERN.

Count. Excellent!—My preſentiment has not deceived me!

Charl. Do the great folks ſtill believe in preſentiment?

Count. My heart whiſpered to me, that I ſhould find you here.

Charl. Very natural; for I am always here at this time, that I may not diſturb my father's reſt.

Count. But it ſeems as if Heaven had intended you for a diſturber of reſt.

Charl. You there wrong Heaven and me.

Count. You ſay that with ſo much indifference!

Charl. And yet I am diſpleaſed—I have juſt dropt a ſtich—

Count.

Count. I underſtand—you are afraid to look at me.

Charl. *(Opening her eyes.)* Why ſo?

Count. Do you read nothing in my eyes?

Charl. Nothing at all.

Count. Till when will you be a ſtranger to the language of the heart?

Charl. *(Looking at her knitting with pretended ſimplicity.)* Why, I think till I meet with the right language-maſter.

Count. You perceive the voice of love, and ſhut your ears againſt it!

Charl. A girl ſhould not hear at all.

Count. Ridiculous! Girls ought not to hear what they like beſt.

Charl. And that is—

Count. The avowal of a paſſion.

Charl. She might hear that too, when her father is preſent.

Count. And why only in the preſence of a father?—The father will be apprized of it ſoon enough.—There are, upon the whole, certain things that can be ſaid, at leaſt well ſaid, only between two people. The preſence of an old hoary Mentor, with ſnow on his pate, and ice in his heart, will make a lover's words freeze on his tongue.

Charl. They muſt certainly be no more than words, as they are ſo eaſily caught by the froſt.

Count. Dear Girl!—Old age is the winter of life; love, on the contrary, its fineſt and tendereſt bloſſom;—it won't bear the chilly blaſt of winter.

Charl. That's too ſublime, too poetic for me!

Count. *(Impatiently.)* Bleſs me!—don't you at leaſt read the almanack of the Muſes?

Charl. I read nothing but Gellert's fables.

Count. Well, then, I muſt tell you, in pure proſe, that I love you.

Charl. You might have told me that epigram in verſe.

Count. What! do you call my love an epigram?

Charl. I do, Count.—I call it a biting ſatire on innocence and poverty.

Count. Satire!—Pray, look at theſe eyes!—Theſe tears will plead my cauſe!

Charl. *(Looking at him.)* Tears!—I can ſee none.

Count. My palpitating heart!—my glowing cheek!—

Charl. But, why do you walk then in the greateſt heat of noon?

Count. I ought now to complain of ſatire!

Charl. Retaliation.

Count. You wiſh to avoid an anſwer to my declaration.

Charl. Do you then actually expect a ſerious reply?

Count. A ſerious, and a kind one.

Charl. Well, then!—I am a ſimple girl, Count.—But ſimplicity and credulity are not always concomitant qualities.—I don't believe a a ſyllable of all your fine phraſes!—How could you love me?—Theſe laſt two months you paſſed often by here, and if I happened to ſtand at the door, you talked to me—that's all!

Count. And is not that ſufficient?—One need but ſee you—

Charl. Oh, many people have ſeen me, and have remained perfectly tranquil!—But, ſuppoſe you did love me, what then?

Count. A droll queſtion indeed!

Charl. I am a poor girl, and you are a rich nobleman!

Count. You are right: the world has its prejudices; but the heart will get the better of them. I have but one heart, and that is all yours. I have two hands, and I may at leaſt give you the left.

Charl. The left only? ha! ha! ha! is not that all one?

Count.

Count. To lovers there is not the leaſt difference; and to the world, it is no more than a handful of duſt thrown at the eyes.

Charl. And to my father?

Count. He is a man of the world.

Charl. But he don't like duſt. He will always ſay, what what one dares not do before the eyes of all the world one had better not do at all.—*(Waggiſhly.)* Methinks I hear him come down. Won't you aſk him his opinion?

Count. (*Confuſed.*) O yes!—why not?—if only—*(Apart.)* Curſe it! I would ſooner conquer ten coquets than one of your ſimple girls. (*To* Charlotte.) I am diſtracted, that I am forced to leave you. Baron Sommer gives a ball to-day—Who the deuce could dance this hot weather, I ſaid; I ſaid it a thouſand times, but he would take no denial. I muſt haſten to my toilet—I leave you my heart in pledge, dear Charlotte, till I ſee you again. (*He ſkips off at the bottom of the ſtage he meets* Eyterborn.) Ho, ho—well met! I want to ſpeak to you. (*Takes him under his arm, and they walk off together.*)

Charl. He may take his pledge and all, for I don't know what to do with it. I am ſorry the thought did not occur ſooner to me to frighten him away with my father.

Will. (*Shaking his head.*) Here! here! had that young gentleman learned but one honeſt profeſſion, he wouldn't be a bungler in fair dealing.

SCENE IV.

Enter PHILIP BERTRAM, *ſupported by* ANN.

Charl. Dear father, you come too late; my lover has juſt ran away.

Phil. Your lover!

Charl. He ran away, becauſe he heard you was coming.

Phil. Beware of all lovers that ſhun the father's preſence.

Ann. I am ſure the young Count has been here again.

Charl. You hit it.

Phil. A Count!—the young Count! I hope you——

Charl. Don't put on that ſerious look, father; it is not worth while.

Phil. Dear Charlotte! a loving father trembles at the idea of ſeeing the leaſt diſorder in his daughter's kerchief, if it were but in a dream. Speak, child, who is this Count?

Charl. His name is Sonnenſtern.

Phil. I know his father; he is rich, and a great man at court; and when that is the caſe, the ſon is generally a rake.

Charl. For ſeveral months he has paſſed by here twenty times a day.

Phil. Well, let him paſs by.

Charl. As often as he ſees me at the door, he talks to me—

Phil. He muſt ſee you no more at the door.

Charl. Under the pretext of lending books.

Phil. What books?

Charl. Novels.

Phil. O dear! you muſt not read novels. I ſcarcely know three or four of them that I would put into your hands; and even thoſe have the inconvenience to make you eager for more.

Charl. He will ſometimes bring me fruit, ſometimes ſweetmeats, ſometimes a noſegay.

Phil. And you take them?

Charl. Thoſe trifles I do.

Phil. Dear Charlotte! that's wrong.

Ann. I have ſaid ſo a hundred times. [*Withdraws.*

Charl. He has often offered me more valuable preſents.

Phil. I'll not aſk if my daughter has refuſed them—mind, I do not aſk.

Charl. You don't, father, becauſe that is a matter of courſe.

Phil.

Phil. Bad enough, he ſhould have preſumed o offer you any.

Charl. To-day he went even ſo far as to ſpeak of marriage.

Phil. Of marriage!—he is either a fool or a rogue.

Charl. He muſt be a fool.—He talked of a marriage with the left hand. An't it all one, which of the two hands gives one's heart away?

Phil. I now ſee his drift. No, child, he is no fool—he is a wretch. Charlotte! I inſiſt upon your entirely avoiding his converſation.

Charl. So much the better.

Phil. When you ſee him at a diſtance, withdraw.

Charl. With pleaſure.

Phil. He has offended both you and me. He has trampled under foot that deference which every generous mind owes to poverty.

Charl. You put ſuch a ſtreſs upon all this, my dear father!——have I done ſomething wrong?

Phil. Oh, my child!—a young woman acts wrong even by not avoiding appearances. Nature has not another property ſo delicate as innocence. The duſt on the wings of a butterfly is leſs periſhable than her reputation. Seduction is not the moſt dangerous foe of a young girl, but the vanity of thoſe young ſparks, who will boaſt of every kind look, of every polite expreſſion, and give a diſtant hint for whatever additions one pleaſes. What would you ſay, if this young Count were to boaſt of his preſents of ſweetmeats and noſegays over a full bumper? if he were to ſay to his neighbour, There is a pretty girl in the ſuburb, my boy! we are already very intimate with one another? and ſo forth.—Then the neighbour will take his glaſs, and reply, Here, my boy! here's to your girl!

Charl. Dear father, I am aſhamed of myſelf.

Phil. What can your innocence avail you then?

—what your conſciouſneſs of purity?—Can you go to the market-place, and loudly proclaim—Hear me, good people! don't credit reports—I am a good girl?

Charl. (*In the tone of affliction.*) Oh, my father!

Phil. And as you cannot do ſo, you muſt avoid all talk about you whatever, even in your praiſe; at leaſt not too much of the latter, for praiſe creates envy, and envy will never be at a loſs for ſome objection or other. Happy is the girl who is unknown to the multitude, when ſhe is going to be married; and people aſk, Who is ſhe?—I don't know her—I never heard of her.

Charl. (*Clinging round his neck.*) You will never have an occaſion to repeat this leſſon.

Phil. (*Embracing her.*) This promiſe is the moſt valuable preſent you could make me on my birth-day.

SCENE V.

Enter EYTERBORN.

Eyt. Serviteur! I am juſt come from the young lady, whom I was mentioning this morning—I give you joy.—All is ſettled.

Phil. What?

Eyt. She is willing to take your daughter as a companion.—The terms are favourable.

Phil. As a companion? Dear friend! my daughter has but very few accompliſhments; and that of entertaining others, ſhe is leaſt ſkill'd in.

Eyt. She may ſoon improve in that houſe.

Phil. Charlotte—would you try?

Charl. I have no other deſire than to ſtay with my father.

Phil. But who is the lady?

Eyt. Count Sonnenſtern's bride.

Phil. Ay!—ſo!—him!—What think you of it, Charlotte?

Charl. The queſtion is a reproach, my father.

Phil.

Phil. You have undertaken a very equivocal office, Sir.

Eyt. Equivocal!—(*Confuſed.*) Why ſo?

Phil. Are you the ambaſſador of the lady, or of the gentleman?

Eyt. Isn't that all the ſame?

Phil. I think not.—I have ſome objections.—My daughter does not feel inclined for this mode of life.—I am old and ſickly.—In ſhort, don't let us have any more of it.

Eyt. Have you weighed all the advantages you are going to forfeit?

Phil. I have.

Eyt. Count Sonnenſtern is a wealthy nobleman.

Phil. So much the better for him. There are many people that, if they were not rich, would be nothing at all.

Eyt. His father has powerful influence.—

Phil. In his own circle, to which I do not belong.

Eyt. He might be able to give a good turn to your lawſuit.

Phil. It is rather too late for that, I hope.

Eyt. You might, through him, obtain the chief collectorſhip.

Phil. Have I deſerved it?

Eyt. Moſt certainly.

Phil. It will be to my credit if people ſay—Pity he ſhould not be a chief collector, for he has well deſerved it.

Eyt. I know your circumſtances; I know you have contracted debts.

Phil. None of great conſequence.

Eyt. If your creditors ſhould proſecute you—

Phil. I'll then apply to a friend.

Eyt. When a man is in diſtreſs, deafneſs often becomes epidemical among his friends.

Will. (*Riſing.*) Sir, here is my father's receipt.

Phil. What receipt?

Will. For the rent.

Phil.

Phil. Good friend, I cannot pay that inſtantaneouſly.

Will. It's all paid, Sir.

Phil. (*Aſtoniſhed.*) By whom?

Will. I don't know; that's not my buſineſs.

Phil. Impoſſible!

Will. Pleaſe to read this paper; it ſays—ſettled.

Phil. What muſt I think of this?

Will. Every thing that is good.

Phil. Will your father make me a preſent?

Will. No, Sir; he is too poor for that himſelf.

Phil. It is actually paid then?

Will. It is.

Phil. And I am not to know by whom?

Eyt. May be that very Count whom you reject.

Phil. Sir—if that were the caſe—

Will. Don't make yourſelf uneaſy, Sir; the money comes from no Counts. I think it is money rightly earned.

SCENE VI.

Enter an APOTHECARYS BOY.

Boy. (*To* Philip.) Here is the bill.

Phil. Who are you?

Boy. I come from the apothecary.

Phil. Very well.—Call again next week, I hope I may be able to pay you then.

Boy. I ſhall have no occaſion for calling again.—The bill is paid.

Phil. Paid! who has paid it?

Boy. I don't know. [*Exit.*

Phil. (*Reading the bill.*) Forty-five dollars, twelve—ſettled. What does all this mean?—Good God! have I ever ſhewn ſuch diffidence in man as to require inſtances of this kind to come to repentance:—To whom am I to give my thanks?—to *Eyterborn?* I am poor, friend, but I am not aſhamed of my poverty. Whoever aſſiſts me in ſecret has good intentions, and does not reject my gratitude; his noble ſoul only wiſhes to ſave me

me its utterance. But the good man is not pleaſed with ſuch proceeding; the good man receives with pleaſure only that for which he is permitted to return his hearty thanks—I deſire, friend, if you can, to unravel this myſtery to me.

Eyt. (*Shrugging up his ſhoulders, and aſſuming an equivocal mien.*)

Phil. What means this ſhrug?—You either cannot, or will not.

Eyt. If you know your true friends, an explanation is here ſuperfluous; and if you have many of them, I congratulate you.

Phil. This evaſion almoſt perſuades me that you are the generous donor.

Eyt. (*Defending himſelf but weakly.*) What, I?—I beg—my friendſhip for you, indeed—my principles—but I am not rich myſelf.

Phil. So much the more meritorious. The wealthy ſeldom give, and ſtill more ſeldom in ſecret.

Eyt. Such conſiderable donations require not only good-will, but likewiſe the powers. I know both faculties to be united in the Count.

Charl. Father, if he be the man, I will work day and night till we have returned the money.

Phil. I would rather ſell thy mother's ring, than accept of ſuch a benefaction.

Eyt. Some people would call this pride.

Phil. But you would not believe, Sir, what a powerful ſpice this pride affords to an inſipid diſh.

Charl. I ſee, our Doctor is coming; he may, perhaps, be able to ſolve the riddle.

Eyt. (*With a ſneer.*) O yes! he is a doctor that knows every thing:—cure an illneſs, conduct a lawſuit, write a novel. (*Apart.*) Miſchievous fellow, with his ſtaring look! he will always counteract my ſchemes. (*Loud.*) Serviteur, Collector; conſider on my propoſals. My intentions are pure, and my knowledge of the world is not derived from novels. [*Exit.*

Charl. He always reflects on our good Doctor; that is very mean.

Phil.

Phil. Fie, Charlotte! Condemn no man.—Whilſt the human heart remains without a glaſs window, nobody ſhould ſay—That is mean; for God alone ſcrutinizes the heart. Eyterborn is an honeſt man; but he is a man. The Doctor has encroached upon his profeſſion, and that has vexed him.

Charl. But I would lay a wager, that if Eyterborn cure a patient, the Doctor would be delighted with it; and conſequently he muſt be a better man.

Phil. May be.

SCENE VII.

Enter Dr. BLUM.

Phil. Welcome, Doctor. Charlotte was juſt praiſing you.

Blum. I don't like to be praiſed in my preſence, but this time my rule muſt ſuffer an exception.

Charl. Oh! my thoughts praiſe you much more than my words. We were converſing about you and Eyterborn. What may you have done to that man? he cannot abide you.

Blum. There are ſome folks who will hate you, merely becauſe you know them—becauſe you look through their ſchemes. It is quite the reverſe with love: you need but pretend to take every man for what he wiſhes you to take him, and he'll be your friend, depend on't.

Phil. I cannot poſſibly, to-day, enter with you upon any philoſophical diſcuſſion on man; for to-day I cannot help loving him. Only think, Doctor, here I hold two paid bills in my hand; they are ſettled and ſigned without coſting me a ſingle penny.

Blum. (*Pretending ignorance.*) How is that?

Phil. Some unknown friend.—Help me to gueſs.

Blum.

Blum. (*After a pauſe, as recollecting.*) I know but one man whom I am apt to think capable of ſuch an action.

Phil. (*With eagerneſs.*) Who might he be?

Blum. Your brother.

Phil. My brother!—my brother, who theſe fifteen years has proſecuted me with the greateſt inveteracy, in libels full of bitterneſs?

Blum. Thoſe libels were written by his attorney—theſe bills he has paid himſelf.

Phil. Has he actually paid them?

Blum. At leaſt I think ſo; he has been pumping me about your circumſtances.

Phil. (*Loſt in thought.*)

Will. Hem! who could hold his tongue now—

Blum. (*Interrupting him.*) Well, honeſt William, how are you, my lad?

Will. (*Seemingly calculating.*) Nor do I know why—

Blum. Why people ſo ſeldom wear boots? Why, I think it is becauſe the court reſides here. (*He makes him a ſignal to forbear ſpeaking.*)

Will. Ay, ay! I know what you mean:—all well.

Phil. Friend, you have laid a heavy weight upon my heart.

Blum. Is the love of a brother ſo oppreſſive?

Phil. Good offices from the hands of a foe—

Blum. Are the firſt ſteps on the territory of friendſhip.

Charl. Oh! were I at laſt permitted to love my uncle!

Blum. You will ſoon have leave to do ſo. Dear friend, I am a herald of peace. Your ſuit is compromiſed, and entirely to your ſatisfaction. All the writings are to be condemned to the lumber-room, and along with them all former reſentment.

Phil. Help me to riſe, Charlotte, that I may hug that honeſt man in my arms.

Blum. (*Embracing him.*) Heaven grant you health

health and peace; they are the greateſt treaſures upon earth.

Charl. (*Taking hold of both his hands, and ſqueezing them affectionately.*) Dear Doctor! God bleſs you! if ever your old worthy mother falls ill, pray don't take any other nurſe for her than me.

Blum. I take your word for it.

Phil. God! thou never haſt heard me complain of my poverty—but this time—why am not I able to recompenſe this man?

Blum. You poor!—in the poſſeſſion of ſuch a daughter!

Phil. What can ſhe do more than blend the tears of her gratitude with mine?

Blum. (*Emphatically.*) She could do more.

Phil. (*Surpriſed.*) How ſo, Doctor?

Blum. Would you think worſe of me, if I ſhould appear ſelfiſh?

Phil. (*Dubious.*) I don't underſtand you.

Blum. Nor you, good creature?—You colour—

Charl. I think I do colour—but, upon my word, I don't know why.

Blum. Did you not ſay this morning you could love the man who procured your father eaſy old days?

Charl. I have ſaid ſo.

Blum. And that you, with pleaſure, would make him a tender of your heart and hand?

Charl. (*Caſting down her eyes in ſilence.*)

Blum. Did you not ſay that likewiſe?

Charl. I think I did.

Blum. Will you not withdraw your word?

Charl. No.

Blum. And if I were the man?

Charl. (*Remains ſilent.*)

Blum. Look at me, Charlotte.

Charl. I cannot.

Blum. (*Taking her by the hand.*) I love you with all my heart.

Charl. And ſo I do you.

Blum.

Blum. You will take care of my old mother?

Charl. Oh, with pleaſure.

Blum. And ſo will I of your honeſt father.

Charl. Oh! you are ſo good—(*With mild tears*) —I don't deſerve ſo much.

Blum. Whoever has had an opportunity of watching a daughter during ſeven months by the ſick-bed of her father, cannot err in his choice. —I crave your heart and your hand.

Charl. (Overwhelmed with her feelings, burſts from the Doctor, to meet the embrace of her father, in whoſe boſom ſhe hides her face, and ſays) My father!

Phil. (Laying his hand on hers.) God has this day bleſſed me for thy ſake. Thou good, thou kind child! thy good fortune is the reward of thy filial affection. Oh, Doctor, if to-day I bleed again, it is your fault. But if I die, I die with joy, the moſt deſirable death of all.

Blum. (Taking him by the hand.) Permit me to partake of the paternal bleſſing.

Phil. (Cordially.) My ſon.—Charlotte, be not aſhamed to ſhew thy glowing cheek to the man that loves thee ſo.

Charl. (Looking up with apparent timidity.)

Phil. Give him the firſt ſalute in the preſence of thy father.

Blum. (*Salutes with ecſtacy,* Charlotte, *who gently reſiſts.*)

Phil. With this kiſs my ſon has taken from me all the cares of futurity.—Now diſpoſe of my days, almighty Diſpenſer of all that is good —I ſhall now not leave an orphan behind.—The whole ſtock of my child, innocence and virtue, is in the hands of an honeſt guardian.

Blum. In the enlarged circle of domeſtic contentment you will henceforth breathe with greater freedom. One perſon, however, ſhould be added to the number of this happy family—your brother.

Phil. Oh!

Blum. I hope ſoon to obtain that too.

Phil. No mortification, dear Doctor.

Blum. Your honour is now my own.

Phil. He will not take the firſt ſtep; and I cannot.

Blum. Why not?

Phil. Becauſe my brother is rich.

Blum. I honour theſe ſentiments; I had foreſeen them, and therefore took the opportunity of declaring my paſſion this very day.

Phil. What difference can this declaration—

Blum. It makes a very material one. Am I not likewiſe rich?—is not what I poſſeſs your own?

Phil. (*Shaking his head.*)

Blum. You gave me, what no worldly treaſure can buy—a good wife. And you would reject what little I have to offer in return.—Believe me, Sir, equality is reſtored between you and your brother; and equality inſpires confidence. Yet I do not wiſh you to go and meet him. It is to my bride that I now addreſs my firſt prayer.

Charl. (*With infantine cordiality.*) Oh, be quick with it. Could I but do any thing that would give you pleaſure—

Blum. It would give me great pleaſure, dear Charlotte, if you would wait on your uncle, and congratulate him on his birth-day.

Charl. With all my heart.

Phil. She is your bride and my daughter.—Think, how great muſt be our mortification were he to refuſe her admittance.

Blum. That is my buſineſs. I know your brother, and I know Charlotte.

Phil. Well, be it ſo.

Blum. And then we muſt paſs the evening in joviality. It is the day on which I am betrothed.

Phil. You ſpend the evening with us, my dear ſon.

Blum. Not in this ſmall confined place. Devotion and feſtivity are very like each other in this particular—that under the canopy of heaven they

they are moſt loud, and moſt felt.—We muſt meet in your garden.

Phil. In my garden!

Blum. You ought to ſee how it looks after it has been cleared of the weeds of fraternal diſcord. We, and a couple of honeſt friends—but very few people, but each of them with a heart within his breaſt. I have arranged the whole plan: I hope you will not diſappoint my expectations.

Phil. I diſappoint you! God forbid! Old Ann ſhall immediately bruſh up my brown coat. Good God!—Where is old Ann?—We have quite forgot her.—Ann! Ann!—I am aſhamed of myſelf to think of her ſo late.

Ann. (*Coming out of the houſe.*) Here I am, Sir.

Phil. Are you come? (*Stroking her cheek.*) Come, come, thou good old honeſt creature, help me into the houſe; I'll tell thee wonders.

Ann. Bleſs me; you look quite contented!

Phil. Come, come along, I tell thee. Thou ſhalt cry with joy. [Ann *conducts him into the houſe.*

Blum. Go, go to your uncle, dear Charlotte. The angel of peace attend thee! [*Follows* Philip.

SCENE VII.

CHARLOTTE *and* WILLIAM.

Charl. How do I feel?—Was it a dream?—Or is all that has happened here true and fact?—Am I to be married?—Married to the beſt, to the moſt amiable of men!

Will. (*Approaching timidly.*) May an honeſt lad be permitted to give you joy?—Very odd, tears trickle down my cheeks!

Charl. I thank you, good William.

Will. I would venture a requeſt, Miſs—

Charl. Speak.

Will. You was ſo good, this morning, as to accept of a pair of ſhoes—they are, indeed, no more than common leather ſhoes:—but you

would do me a great pleaſure, Miſs, if you would go to the altar in thoſe ſhoes.

Charl. That I will: here is my hand.

Will. (*Kiſſing her hand reſpectfully.*) My beſt thanks and bleſſings, good Miſs: now I will ſet out on my travels, to-morrow morning, with the peep of day.

Charl. To-morrow morning! how came you to this ſudden reſolution?

Will. Why, my father has been talking of it a long while; but I don't know, I didn't find myſelf inclined for it: but now I feel as if I muſt go this very day.

Charl. Won't you ſtay till my wedding?

Will. (*With expreſſions of anguiſh, and quick.*) No, no;—no!—To-morrow, quite early, when you are dreaming of your good friend, William will be far off.

Charl. May Heaven bleſs you, wherever you go!

Will. I'll be back three years hence, and then, very likely there—(*making a concealed pantomime, yet without looking at* Charlotte.) And now farewell, ſweet Miſs; I'll go and pack up my few things.

Charl. And whither do you intend to go?

Will. To Ruſſia: they ſay it is very cold there.

Charl. Don't forget your good friends, when you are ſo far off.

Will. Oh, no! never fear that. (*He walks off ſlowly, and returns.*) May I take the liberty of waiting on you when I return?

Charl. It will give me pleaſure, good William.

Will. Will it, Miſs! will it indeed?—Well, it will give me great pleaſure too. (*He wipes his eyes, and ſlowly enters the houſe.*)

Charl. Now to my uncle: oh, if I ſhould be fortunate enough to give my father, on his birth-day, both a ſon and a brother!

ACT

ACT IV.

A Room in FRANK BERTRAM'S *Houſe.*

SCENE I.

Mrs. GRIM *aſleep, with a Prayer-book in her Hand, and Spectacles on her Noſe.* CHARLOTTE *entering timidly, and looking round the Room.*

CHARLOTTE.

NOBODY in the hall, and nobody here! (*Perceiving Mrs.* Grim, *ſhe heſitates whether ſhe is to advance or not.—At laſt ſhe coughs.*)

Mrs. Grim. (*Waking, yawning, and rubbing her eyes.*) I thought I heard ſome one cough.

Charl. (*Coughs again.*)

Mrs. Grim. (*Looking round, diſpleaſed, and drawing herſelf up.*) Well! who have we here?

Charl. Your ſervant, Madam.

Mrs. Grim. (*Still unfriendly.*) Who are you?—What do you want?

Charl. I wiſh to ſee the Captain.

Mrs. Grim. What buſineſs have you with him?

Charl. I wanted to wait on him with my compliments, on his birth-day.

Mrs Grim. Very odd. Poor people might have a dozen birth-days in one year, and nobody would trouble his head about it. But when a rich man—then they ſtart from every crevice like a hoſt of ants; then they make a mark with red in the almanack, that they may not forget, the next year, where there is any thing to be had.—But, pray, my good little Miſs, what is the Captain's birth-day to you?

Charl. I'll tell him that myſelf.

Mrs. Grim. Indeed!—Upon my word! tell him yourſelf!—Sure, if we could but get admittance! Good child, here I am the miſtreſs, and I am to be applied to.

Charl. I did not know my uncle was married!

Mrs. Grim. (*Startled.*) Uncle!—I hope not—Are you perhaps—ye , yes, the family likeneſs—Miſs Bertram?

Charl. I am Miſs Bertram.

Mrs. Grim. (*Looking awry at her.*) Yes, yes; quite cut out of her mother's face!

Charl. (*Approaching with chearfulneſs and confidence.*) Have you known my mother?

Mrs. Grim. By ſight: yes. But, good God, what do you want here? Don't you know, the Captain won't have any thing to do with all the family?

Charl. That uſed to be ſo; but ſince that hated lawſuit has been laid aſide—

Mrs. Grim. What! have they come to an agreement?—Have they, at laſt, done my poor maſter?

Charl. Oh, we are ſo glad of the agreement—

Mrs. Grim. I dare ſay. And now you think of making your neſt here?—A pretty ſnug one!

Charl. No, Madam, we think of nothing but that it is a fine thing when two brothers are permitted again to love one another.

Mrs. Grim. Very likely an expreſſion your dear papa has made you get off; and now you are come to bring your goods to market here, and to diſturb me in my meditations; but it won't do, dear Miſs. You had better go about your buſineſs; and God be with you. The Captain is ill; he ſleeps at preſent, and has given orders to receive no one, and ſtill leſs any body out of that houſe.

Charl. Muſt I actually not ſee him then?

Mrs. Grim. What could that avail you, child? you would only ſee a forbidding, moroſe countenance.

Charl. May I return to-night, then?

Mrs. Grim. By no means. I durſt not even tell him that you have been here; for it would vex him, and immediately give him a fit of the gout.

Charl. Oh, my good father will be ſo ſorry!

Mrs.

Mrs. Grim. He muſt reſign himſelf as a good Chriſtian. He has taken the firſt ſtep towards the reconciliation that is laudable. Oh, you wouldn't believe what a queer man the old Captain is. We are ever plagued with him. He is tearing and ſwearing all day long about nothing. Go, go, Miſs; for if he ſhould catch you here—in his paroxyſms he is quite a brute.

Charl. But my father has always told me that he has a good honeſt heart.

Mrs. Grim. Ay, ay, honeſt, ſure enough—but then his paſſion!—Go, go, Miſs; my compliments to papa; tell him, Mrs. Grim has been beating and hammering theſe fifteen years, about that heart of oak, but all in vain.

Charl. My poor father!

Mrs. Grim. Poor! Yes, I am told ſo. Good heavens! we cannot all be rich.—You are, now and then, badly off, I dare ſay, little Miſs. That gown, there, is your Sunday's dreſs, I ſuppoſe; but no matter for that, if one be honeſt.

Charl. We are honeſt.

Mrs. Grim. Poor girl! I pity her—my heart will break.—I would—oh, certainly I will!

Charl. (*With the expreſſion of hope.*) What, dear Madam?

Mrs. Grim. Include yourſelf and your dear father in my prayers.

Charl. Alas! I likewiſe pray for all my fellow-creatures; even for thoſe that hate us. Farewell, Madam. (*Going ſlowly.*)

Mrs. Grim. God bleſs you! (*Apart.*) She is going at laſt. Oh, it would juſt do to let this ſmooth polecat looſe among my eggs that I have been hatching ſo eagerly theſe fifteen years.

SCENE II.

Enter JACK BULLER.

Jack. (*Meeting* Charlotte *at the door.*) Who are you, my good young lady? whom do you want?

Charl.

Charl. Oh, I wanted to ſee my uncle; but I am not permitted.

Jack. By chance, Miſs Bertram.

Charl. Yes: I am Miſs Bertram.

Jack. Welcome, welcome then! when ſo handſome and ſo good a girl ſteps over the threſhold of the houſe, ſhe is ſure to bring along with her peace and harmony in every fold of her dreſs.

Charl. I wiſh it.

Jack. And are you not permitted to ſee the Captain? who has prevented you?

Mrs. Grim. I have.

Jack. But Mrs. Grim, by what right?

Mrs. Grim. Never trouble your head about that: I know what I am about: you had better let Miſs go: maſter ſleeps.

Jack. Sleeps! I have been with him within theſe laſt ten minutes, and he bid me come back and read to him in the great book that tells of ſea voyages. Stop but a minute, Miſs, I'll let him know directly.

Charl. I'll ſtop with great pleaſure.

Mrs. Grim. (*Standing before the door.*) Jack, you ſhan't: I won't have you let him know.

Jack. Mrs. Grim, I am apt to think the devil is in you. (*Shoving her aſide, and going into his maſter's room.*)

SCENE III.

Mrs. Grim. What! ſhove me about in that there manner!—pinch blue and black marks on my arms!—That ruffian!—Well, Miſs, I wiſh you joy. (*With a ſneer, and curtſying.*) Have you got off your part well? Do, now, flatter and coax your uncle for his dollars, do.

Charl. I wiſh for nothing but his affection.

Mrs. Grim. Ah, ſure! That ſounds ſweet enough; but we know the key of that muſic—at the bottom it is nothing but diſguiſed beggary.

Charl. Dear Madam, in what have I offended you?

Mrs. Grim.

Mrs. Grim. You, me!—in nothing—nothing at all. Good Miſs, there are certain folks, that of certain folks couldn't take an offence in any ſhape; and if certain folks choſe to repeat what report ſays of certain folks, certain folks wouldn't ventnre to lift up their eyes, for ſhame. But who mixes with the waſh will be eaten by the ſwine; and a good Chriſtian can do no more than offer up his prayers for the puniſhment of ſinners. Your ſervant, Miſs. (*Curtſying low.*) [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Charl. Our old Ann was right. That woman ſeems to be a downright termagant—but I am glad ſhe is gone; now I can ſpeak freely. If it be true that my uncle is ſo paſſionate, ſo boiſterous—my father's happineſs is at ſtake. Courage, Charlotte; a bad quarter of an hour has no more than fifteen minutes! I hear ſome one come: oh, how my heart beats! (*Stopping with ſymptoms of fear, in the back ground.*)

SCENE V.

Enter FRANK BERTRAM *and* JACK.

Frank. (*Sitting down in a chair, without looking at* Charlott.) My niece! what does ſhe want?

Jack. I don't know; but her look is ſo meek, I'd ſwear ſhe brings good news.

Frank. (*After ſome pauſe.*) But what is become of her?

Jack. She is ſtanding yonder.

Frank. I am to limp to her, very likely!

Jack. Step forward, come near good Miſs.

Charl. (*Heſitating, fearful, and remaining on the ſame ſpot.*)

Frank. (*Liſtening if ſhe approaches.*) I hear nothing.

Jack. She trembles.

Frank. Zounds! what does ſhe tremble for?

Charl. (*Approaching a few ſteps.*) I—I—

Frank.

Frank. (*To* Jack, *who ſtands by his chair.*) Well, can't ſhe talk?

Jack. She is crying.

Frank. What the devil is ſhe crying for?

Charl. (*Taking courage.*) I am come, dear uncle, to compliment you.

Frank. (*Roughly.*) On what occaſion?

Charl. On your birth-day.

Frank. You likely have been taught to walk of late, as you only come to-day for the firſt time.

Charl. Ever ſince I had the faculty of thinking and feeling, my heart has attracted me hither.

Frank. Has it? How old are you?

Charl. Seventeen years.

Frank. Ay, ay, on my return, ſixteen years back, you were a little thing, not bigger than my fiſt.

Charl. At that time, my dear uncle carried me in his arms, and was fond of me. Old Ann has often told me, and I liſtened with pleaſure.

Frank. Your good uncle was then a good-natured fool.

Charl. I loſt my good mother very early.

Frank. Your mother was a good woman—a very good woman.

Charl. Had ſhe lived, many things might not have happened.

Frank. May be; ſhe has hindered your father from playing many a fooliſh trick.

Charl. My father may have erred; bad people may have led him aſtray; but they have never been able to eraſe from his heart his affections for his only brother.

Frank. He has given me excellent proofs of his affection theſe fifteen years.

Charl. That is over now. The Court of Conſcience has thrown a veil on what is paſt, Go to my brother, ſaid my father to me, be thou the harbinger of peace; he will not reject thee, thou art innocent. He has been fond of thee when a child; he has been fond of thy mother; for her

ſake

ſake he will tender thee his hand, and thou wilt kiſs it with infantile affection.

Frank. (*Still without looking at her.*) Sure! You can't help it. You muſt dance as he pipes. I have nothing againſt you. Go, child; God bleſs you—What's your name?

Charl. My name is Charlotte.

Frank. Charlotte; right. Nay, I think I am your godfather.

Charl. Oh! the man who received me among the Chriſtians; he who promiſed me tenderneſs and affection, when I could not articulate a ſyllable; that man will not ſend me out of his houſe without deigning to caſt a friendly look on me.

Frank. (*Throwing a tranſient glance at her, yet without fixing her in the eye.*) Very well You may go. You will not be omitted in my will.

Charl. That was cruel.

Frank. (*Paſſionately.*) Cruel! Why cruel?

Charl. Dear good uncle, I wanted to be remembered in your heart, and not in your will.

Frank. (*Good naturedly, and ſomewhat embarraſſed.*) Ah, to be ſure—but I alſo muſt—I am your godfather, you know—and as you have had the trouble to call—(*Putting his hand to his pocket.*)

Charl. (*Mortified.*) Had the trouble!

Frank. There, take this little preſent. (*Tendering her a few gold pieces, without looking at her.*)

Charl. (*Taking him by the hand with great vivacity.*) I only ſee the hand you ſtretch out to me, and not what it contains: I'll keep that hand; drop my tears on your money, and beg you will take it back.

Frank. (*Affectionately.*) Girl, thou art proud.

Charl. I'll be proud of your love. Here that proud girl kneels down by your chair, and prays for one ſingle kind look. My mother could leave me no more than her features; theſe features will put you in mind of a friend that has long ſince mouldered into duſt; this recollection will melt your heart, and give me, in you, a ſecond father.

Frank.

Frank. (*Looks ſeveral times at her, ſeemingly affected, then turning to* Jack.) Jack, ſhe is very like her mother—Curſe it, Jack, help me out.

Jack. (*Sobbing*) I can't, Captain.

Frank. Thou crieſt, I declare. Jack, help me out, I tell thee.

Jack. (*Raiſing* Charlotte, *and putting her in* Frank's *arms.*

Frank. (*Striving to get looſe.*) Avaſt! that's what you may call bending all your canvas by night, and in a miſt.

Charl. I perceive a tear in your eye, uncle: I wouldn't take all your gold for that.

Frank. Well, well; thou haſt run me down altogether: go, kneel down on thy mother's grave, and thank her for it. When you were chriſtened, and I afterwards ſtood by her bed, ſhe took me by the hand—ſhe then juſt looked as thou doſt now—and ſaid to me, Dear brother, I lay this child near your heart, when I die——(*He cannot proceed: at laſt he ſays quickly,*) Four weeks afterwards ſhe was gone—(*A pauſe, during which his muſcles appear in agitation.*) Come, my girl, come to my boſom.

Charl. (*Sinks in his embrace.*)

SCENE V.

Enter Dr. Blum.

Blum. Oh, excellent! I am come in time.

Frank. Look ye there! this little witch has made me ſo ſoft, ſo womaniſh—(*Shaking in a comical manner.*) Thou—get thee gone.

Charl. Oh, I now know my good uncle's heart; all my fear is gone.

Frank. So you were afraid of me? People had, very likely, told you I was a bear.

Charl. The lady here in the houſe had frightened me ſo.

Frank. What lady?

Jack.

Jack. Again, one of Mrs. Grim's hypocritical tricks.

Frank. Ah, that's water for thy mill.

Jack. Who could refrain from ſpeaking? I was juſt coming in when this good child was going; ſhe juſt ſwallowed a tear; it was but a very little one; and yet I wouldn't have it on my conſcience. Where are you going? ſays I. Oh, I am not permitted to ſee my uncle!—Why not? any one may ſee him, eſpecially one with eyes full of tears, Then Mrs Grim wanted to bar the door, and ſet her arms a-kimbo, juſt like a ſtone pitcher, and wouldn't let me go in to you. (*Paſſionately.*) Not let old Jack Buller go to his captain! Would fain perſuade me you were aſleep; me, old Jack Buller, that knows from thirty years experience, that his captain never takes a nap after dinner. But I think I gave her a niee ſhove, juſt as I would a paſſenger who, in ſtormy weather, would ſtand in my way upon deck.

Frank. Now, look ye here, Jack—what a wrong conſtruction you have put on that again! —She thought I ſlept; ſhe did it for the beſt; and he who acts for the beſt, were he but a jack-aſs, ought to be ſet right with moderation.

Blum. Miſs Charlotte will be able to give us the beſt account of the reception ſhe has met with.

Charl. Oh, I am ſo glad!—I forgot it all.

Frank. Forgot it!—Then there was ſomething to forget after all?—Out with it!

Charl. One expreſſion of hers has indeed hurt me to the very ſoul. She ſaid I came to—(*hiding her tears.*)—to beg.

Frank. Avaſt there!—That was fooliſh!

Jack. Thou art right, Jack. It muſt have ſlipt her.

Blum. Never mind; ſuch little tranſient clouds muſt not ſpoil this fair day. We will only rejoice at the idea, that this glorious hour has cancelled the recollection of fifteen bad years. The ſufferings of man are many indeed; but how could we

murmur when we ſee that a ſingle glance of the ſun of happineſs abſorbs them all; like a heavy drop of rain that bends down the calix of a flower!—This day angels rejoice with us, for on this day two brothers were reconciled to each other.

Frank. Avaſt!—avaſt there!—That girl has never done me any injury—I am her godfather, and the meekneſs of her mother dwells on her brow Who could be angry with the little witch? But, as to my brother, he may go his own ways, provided we never meet.

Blum. Dear Captain!—At the end of the journey, all the roads run into one, and there we muſt meet

Frank. Then he whoſe conſcience upbraids him may caſt down his look.

Charl. My dear uncle! I entreat you for my father.

Frank. 'Twon't do!—'Twon't do!—Only ſee!—Scarcely have I given her a little corner for a hammock in the ſteerage, but ſhe will take the command of the veſſel!

Charl. But if I ſhould ſucceed to ornament the cabin with the flowers of ſpring!

Frank. Nonſenſe!—Thoſe flowers are withered long ſince.

Jack. Only think, Captain, how different all would be in this houſe. Then you wouldn't be obliged at nights to ſmoke your pipe by yourſelf—The naſty old tom cat would be exil'd from the ſofa—Your brother would ſit by your ſide, and you would once more haul over the joys of your youth.

Frank. Leave old Tom alone, Jack; he has never yet brought an action againſt me.

Blum. I ſee we muſt expect the remainder from time. Oh! when love and time unite their powers, they pull down Egyptian pyramids, and open the tombs in which good hearts choſe to bury themſelves. (*To* Charlotte.) Go, good child, your father is waiting for you.

Frank.

Frank. She ſhall ſtay!—I have been waiting theſe fifteen years for her.

Blum. Her father is ill, and may want her.

Charl. But may I come back?

Frank. Fooliſh queſtion!—You may, ſurely! Nay, you ſhall!—Do you hear?

Charl. With pleaſure.

Frank. Well!—when will you come back?

Charl. To-morrow!—every day!

Frank. Well, then, God bleſs you! and when you come back, come without your pride. Do you hear?—There the gold pieces lie ſtill on the ground; you won't pick them up; I know that well enough.

Charl. Uncle!—Does diſintereſted love look ſo much like pride?

Frank. Ay, ay! you wouldn't pick them up even if you knew it would give me pleaſure.

Charl. (*Picks them up.*) I thank you, dear uncle. I'll buy ſomething with it to ſtrengthen my poor ſick father. You'll permit me to do ſo, uncle?

Frank. Do as you like.

Charl. Your greeting would certainly have a greater effect.

Frank. Curſe it! Well, then, greet him!

Charl. (*Kiſſing his hand with rapture.*) Farewell! [*Exit.*

Frank. Jack!—run!—look what becomes of her!—I wouldn't have the briſk huſſy break her neck down thoſe ſteep ſtairs. [Jack *exit.*

SCENE VI.

Frank. (*Wiping off his tears, and endeavouring to hide them.*) What think you of that girl?

Blum. The child of nature and innocence.

Frank. Do you think ſo?—Then ſomething might be done for her. I am, indeed, apt to think the little huſſy knows better how to cure the gout than yourſelf, Doctor. Whilſt ſhe was

here it durſt not rear its head. Now it begins again to draw and pull!

Blum. When Heaven points out ſo eaſy a remedy, you would do well to uſe it for a conſtancy.

Frank. For a conſtancy!—With all my heart.—But her father won't let me have her.—Will he?

Blum. Then you ought to take them both.

Frank. Avaſt, Doctor! that won't do.

Blum. I give you joy—your quarrel is ſettled.

Frank. Is it?—Thank ye!—thank ye! This medicine is likely to prove more efficacious than your muriatic.—I won't aſk you how it has been ſettled; I don't care for that.

Blum. The garden is to be your property for life.

Frank. I make the girl a preſent of it.

Blum. At your demiſe it goes to your brother, or his heirs.

Frank. But, I tell you, I give it the girl now.

Blum. So much the better!—You ought to have done that long ago.

Frank. Why didn't the wench come ſouner?

Blum. Let us thank Heaven ſhe didn't come too late. Now, good Captain, attend to the prayer of a friend, and the command of your phyſician—You have to-day experienced ſo many paſſions—you muſt divert yourſelf—you muſt take an airing.

Frank. With pleaſure, if you think it will benefit me.—An old ſailor doesn't wait for a ſecond invitation to an airing.

Blum. I have invited a couple of friends to a collation, and the ſpot which I have pointed out for the enjoyment of this fine ſpring day—pardon my liberty—is your garden.

Frank. My garden!

Blum. I think it will give you pleaſure, after fifteen years, to tread the ground in peace, where the joys of your youth ſtill lurk behind every buſh.

Frank.

Frank. But I ſhall feel very queerly, Sir, when I ſtep into that garden.—Pray is that old garden door ſtill there!—When I was a boy, I drew a huſſar on it with black lead.

Blum. The huſſar is not quite effaced yet.

Frank. Not yet, you ſay?—Very droll! So many people have died ſince, and that huſſar ſtill keeps galloping on. Yes, yes, we will go—go immediately. It is very particular, I actually feel a ſtrong deſire to ſee that huſſar again.—But didn't you mention two ſtrangers you had invited? I am not fit for company.

Blum. Only two good friendly beings; for in large companies joy is ſilent, like a prudent man.

Frank. Well then—Jack! (*Calling out.*)

SCENE VII.

Enter JACK.

Frank. Order the coach.

Blum. No occaſion. My carriage is waiting.

Frank. Jack, we are going to take a ride; and can you gueſs whither?—to my garden. All is over—all ſettled; I am going to my garden.

Jack. May Heaven grant you the eternal garden of Paradiſe for that.

Frank. Give me my hat.

Jack. There is a little expedition to be undertaken in this houſe before you go out.

Frank. Which?

Jack. The attorney, Eyterborn, has juſt been ſneaking to Mrs. Grim.

Frank. What is that to me?

Jack. It is a great deal to me, dear Captain. When you this morning called me a liar, it had nearly broken my heart. I am but a poor man; but it muſt be of ſome conſequence to you to know whether I am a rogue or not. For if I have cheated you theſe thirty years, I'd adviſe you to truſt me no more for theſe thirty years to come.

I'll therefore thank you to ſtep up into my garret with me.

Frank. Fooliſh fellow!—I am ſure thou art honeſt.

Jack. But you ſhall be convinced likewiſe, that I am as intimate with truth as I am with honeſty. Dear Captain, I can have no reſt till I have convinced you.

Frank. Come then; it will be a hard job for me to get up thoſe ſteps.

Blum. I'll go meanwhile to receive my friends. Farewell till we meet again.

SCENE VIII.

Frank. (*After a few ſteps, ſtops ſhort.*) Jack! I am thinking what all this is for. Suppoſe I were to hear with theſe mine own ears, that Mrs. Grim is a good-for-nothing—What then?

Jack. Turn her off.

Frank. I am afraid, Jack, that will hurt me more than it will her. I am always in a bad humour eight days before I turn any body out of my houſe. We are all poor ſinners, and yet God Almighty don't diſmiſs any of us. And then, I think, beſides, that I have ſo little to loſe. When I perſuade myſelf to be fond of a perſon, he that undeceives me does me but little ſervice.

Jack. You may run an adventurous tack to-day, Sir. You have captured a niece, that's worth ninety-nine Mrs. Grim's, I warrant ye.

Frank. (*Going.*) Thou art right, Jack. Talk to me of that good girl as we are getting up ſtairs; that will leſſen my fatigue. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Mrs. GRIM'S *Room. In the back Ground a Bed with Curtains. To the right a Table, with two full Bottles of Wine, a Cake, and preſerved Fruit. By it an Iron ſtrong Box.*

SCENE I.

FRANK BERTRAM'S *and* JACK BULLER'S *Voices are heard over the Ceiling.*

JACK.

WE have come either too ſoon, or too late.

Frank. (*Somewhat farther off.*) How ſo?

Jack. There is nobody in the room; but I hear them whiſper in the hall.

Frank. Huſh! then let us go.

Jack. Huſh! but ſtop; they have not been at it yet. There are two full bottles, and the table ſet with cake.

Frank. Huſh! let me have a peep.

Jack. (*At a diſtance.*) Huſh! to the left, near the ſtrong box.

Frank. Huſh! (*Nearer.*) Yes, yes; I ſee well enough; but to ſtoop ſo, and ſquat down on the floor, won't do for ſuch a gouty chap. (*The laſt words are heard as at a greater diſtance.*) Come hither!

Jack. Huſh! (*Nearer.*) A cake, as big as the head of a main-maſt! That ſhe gave you, was hardly as big as a compaſs-box—Huſh! they are coming.

Frnnk. Huſh! let me come near the hole.

SCENE II.

Mrs. GRIM *and* EYTERBORN.

Mrs. Grim. Oh, the wicked people! I will pray day and night to rouſe the vengeance of Heaven.

Eyt.

Eyt. My highly-eſteemed Mrs. Grim, prayers won't carry us any great length, I am afraid.

Mrs. Grim. Alas! there was a time when, through fervent prayers, you might draw a devouring flame from the earth, which would conſume a whole hoſt. Thoſe were good times.

Eyt. Fuimus Troes. If thoſe times were to return, the hoſt of authors ought to be conſumed firſt, and above all things. What avails complaining? they will only laugh at us; the compromiſe is made.

Mrs. Grim. Sit down, friend of my ſoul; we will endeavour to ſoothe the afflictions of the mind, by indulging the body. (*She keeps filling, and handing cake and ſweetmeat. Both do honour to the table.*)

Eyt. After all, I wouldn't mind a pin that paltry garden—excellent wines!—but that will lead farther and farther—that romantic Doctor won't ſtop there—very nice that almond cake!—he will preach and ſpout till he has reconciled the two good-natured fools—and then, good night to all ſucceſſions.

Mrs. Grim. Good man, you will frighten me out of my wits. What's to be done here?

Eyt. You muſt endeavour to put every obſtacle you can, to viſits from thoſe quarters.

Mrs. Grim. Ah, but good God! hav'n't I ſent that wench away with every mark of ridicule and contempt? But that dog, that Jack Buller, has introduced her in ſpite of my teeth; and I believe ſhe is ſtill with the old fellow, weeping and telling him ſad tales.

Eyt. Who?

Mrs. Grim. Why, Miſs Bertram.

Eyt. She with him?

Mrs. Grim. Alas! yes. (*Mimicking.*) She wiſhed to congratulate dear uncle on his birth-day.

Eyt. And you left her alone with him?

Mrs. Grim. (*With an amorous glance.*) Becauſe I was waiting for my dear beloved.

Eyt.

Eyt. Serviteur. Highly-eſteemed Mrs. Grim, you have been playing a fooliſh trick there: I know the girl; ſhe is an inſinuating witch.

Mrs. Grim. What? ſuch a green wench cheat me out of the reward I have ſo well earned by the labour of ſixteen long years! Have I, therefore, flattered and coaxed the old fool all this time? Have I, therefore, dreſſed nice ſoups for him, and mixed his medicines with my own little finger; wrapt his ſore legs in flannel, and heard him relate his trite atchievements a hundred times over?

Frank. Huſh! (*Lowering his voice.*) Oh, that beaſt!

Eyt. (*Looking round.*) What was that? I think I heard ſomebody ſpeak!

Mrs. Grim. No, no! we are quite ſafe here.—This is my bed-room. No mortal durſt attempt, without my ſpecial permiſſion, to penetrate this ſanctuary. (*Pointing at the iron-cheſt.*) Look here, Sir; there is my little darling, my little favourite, my cheſt; that will always ſmile on me in the hour of affliction. (*Opening it,* Eyterborn *caſts a greedy look on the money.*) Thoſe large bags there at the bottom are all full of ſilver. And theſe (*putting two bags on the table*) are quite crammed with gold. An't they pretty little things now?

Eyt. (*Stroking the bags.*) Pretty little things indeed! One is quite carried away with a ſympathetic affection.

Mrs. Grim. All that, my ſweet friend, I have deſtined for our impending marriage. But what is this trifle? I might have ſecured much more. But in hopes of the ſucceſſion, I have ſet limits to my perquiſites. I have now and then given up ſome little advantage, when I thought it might be found out. I muſt do ſo to make him ſecure. The old fool would undergo martyrdom to prove my honeſty.—One glaſs more, my ſweet friend!

Eyt. May you live long, my careful fair!

Mrs.

Mrs. Grim. Oh! in your arms I only ſhall commence a happy life.

Eyt. Yes, yes. Serviteur. Provided the will—

Mrs. Grim. You, meanwhile, draw up the will. You may, at all events, propoſe a legacy for the niece; that will give it the appearance of philanthropy. To-morrow early I'll get Jack Buller out of the way, and then dreſs the old fellow, after his own faſhion, a pompous diſh of generoſity, with a ſauce of tears, till he reſolves to ſend for you. Then we hammer the iron whilſt it is hot; and then his laſt hour may ſtrike, when it pleaſes; the ſooner the better.

Frank. (*In a loud voice.*) Avaſt there! you brood of vipers!—thunder and lightning!—(*A great noiſe is heard over the ceiling.*)

Eyt. (*Riſing with great fear.*)

Mrs. Grim. (*Trembling.*) Ah! what do I hear? that was the old Captain—he has been watching us—we are undone—Satan is got looſe—my ſmelling-bottle—dear friend of my ſoul—there on the window—the phial with the hartſhorn.—(*She faints.*)

Eyt. Serviteur. I take to my heels. But I'll not have loſt my time for nothing with this old Jezebel. (*Taking one of the gold bags, and ſneaking off; after a ſhort pauſe returning.*) Curſe it! they are already got to the foot of the ſtairs. Now I am quite at a loſs. (*Looking round on all ſides.*) The devil take 'em! They are in the hall. (*He throws himſelf on Mrs.* GRIM'S *bed, and draws the curtains.*)

SCENE III.

Enter FRANK BERTRAM *and* JACK BULLER.

Frank. Confound your pirating crew—there, look at that beaſt; there ſhe lies, and ſtretches out her four extremities. If ſhe dies ſo, ſhe'll cheat the gallows out of its due. (*Looking round.*) What is become of her helpmate?

Jack.

Jack. He can't have eſcaped, for I was like lightning at the foot of the ſtairs. (*Searching the room.*)

Frank. Let him ſheer off, Jack! his conſcience will bring him to.

Jack. Ho, ho! here is a ſhoe, (*opening the bed-curtain,*) and in the ſhoe a foot. Where there is a foot, there muſt be ſomething elſe. (*Drawing* Eyterborn *out by his legs.*) Oh, your ſervant, Mr. Attorney.

Eyt. Serviteur.

Frank. Oh, oh! my honeſt Eyterborn? How did you get into theſe chaſte widowed ſheets?

Eyt. I was caught with a drowſineſs. Mrs. Grim had treated me with a glaſs of old wine—I can't ſtand much.

Jack. (*Perceiving the bag, draws it out of his boſom.*) You very likely, in your drowſineſs, laid hold of this bag too?

Eyt. (*With mixed fear and reſolution.*) What do you mean, friend? I am an honeſt man; that all the world knows.

Frank. You are a rogue, Sir; that's what I know. Get ye out of my houſe; and you may thank my gouty foot, if I do not avenge the deceived world on you.

Eyt. A rogue! ha! ha! ha! Serviteur. Try to ſay that loud if you dare No man will give you credit for it. The world will honour the wealthy, and never aſk how he came by his wealth. It's quite the ſame with the fame of honeſty.

Frank. Alas! true enough.

Eyt. I therefore adviſe you not to mention any thing about the affair. Mrs. Grim has cheated you, and I have cheated Mrs. Grim: for an old bachelor and an old luſcious maid deſerve no better.

Jack. (*Clenching his fiſt.*) Captain! may I—

Frank. Let him ſheer off! He has, for the firſt time in my life, told me a truth, and I ought to thank him for it.

Eyt.

Eyt. I might be revenged, if I choſe. I might divulge the affair to your diſadvantage; for the world would ſooner believe me than you; but I will act liberally, and not mention a ſyllable about it. Serviteur. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Frank. By Jove, the fellow is right!—Impudence is the beſt weapon in the hand of a rogue againſt an honeſt man. One is ſurpriſed, confuſed; and before you can recollect yourſelf, and determine whether you ought to laugh at it or to ſtrike, the raſcal has ſlipt his cable and hauled the wind.

Jack. And what muſt we do with this woman?

Frank. Is ſhe dead?

Jack. Pſhaw! ſhe has the lives of a cat.

Frank. When I am gone—overboard with her.—Do you hear?—Don't ſuffer her to heave in ſight again.

Jack. Thank God!—Captain, that's an expedition I have been preparing for theſe ſixteen years. But what muſt be done with this unjuſt mammon?

Frank. I give it you.

Jack. God forbid I ſhould touch the earnings of ſin!

Frank. Found an hoſpital with it.

Jack. That God Almighty may connive and become an accomplice of the robber?—No! no! the devil will dance a hornpipe whenever ſtolen money is applied to any pious inſtitution.

Frank. Well, do then with it as you like. Now, help me into the carrige, and then heave that wench out of the houſe. Thou'lt make thy report in the garden. Peter will attend me.

Jack. Very well. (*Supporting the Captain.*)

Frank. (*Stopping at the door, and caſting a look of uneaſineſs on Mrs.* Grim.) Odd enough! would you believe me, Jack! But I am ſorry that I muſt diſcard that brute.

Jack.

Jack. A long habit—

Frank. Habit reconciles us to every thing.—And I think, that to get fond of old Nick, one need but dine a twelvemonth with him at the ſame tavern.

SCENE V.

(*As ſoon as Mrs.* Grim *finds herſelf alone, ſhe ſquints firſt at the door, then at the bags on the table, then at the iron cheſt, and at laſt folds her hands with devotion.*) The wicked have triumphed!—What I have acquired by my labour and prayers, that rough ſcoundrel, Jack Buller, is to diſpoſe of to his liking!—I thought I muſt have fainted away a ſecond time when I heard the verdict!—Good God! if thou ſupporteſt thy ſervant but this one time, ſhe will bring thee the offering of a crimſon velvet covering, with gold fringe, to the altar of St. Urſula. Huſh! I hear the clumſy footſtep. (*She pretends to faint.*)

SCENE VI.

Enter JACK BULLER.

Jack. What!—Not recovered yet?—Oh! we'll ſoon rouſe her! (*Taking a bag from the table, and jingling the money about her ears; Mrs.* Grim *opens her eyes.*)—Ho! ho! ſhe returns to life! (*Jingling once more; ſhe ſtretches out her hand towards the bag.*)—Now ſhe recovers!

Mrs. Grim. Where am I?

Jack. Where you ought not to have been theſe ſixteen years!—But within five minutes you'll be out of doors.

Mrs. Grim. Is this the reward of honeſt ſervices?

Jack. You have ſerved old Nick, and he'll pay you your wages.

Mrs. Grim. Profligate fellow!

Jack. I ſay, Mrs. Godly, pack up your ſtolen goods, and clear the deck as faſt as you can.

Mrs. Grim. You are a rude fellow!—I am not to be commanded by you.

Jack. Mrs. Grim, be wiſe!—We know all; we have witneſſed all. The Captain deſires you, in a friendly manner, never to appear before him again.

Mrs. Grim. Let him come and tell me ſo if he dare!

Jack. He thinks that ſuperfluous, and has made Jack Buller his repreſentative and plenipo.

Mrs. Grim. Good Jack!—you are joking now!—Here is a gilder for you; go and drink to my health.

Jack. I had rather die with thirſt than drink to your health!—March! off with you!—This cheſt you may lock up, and put your ſeal to the door of the room. I muſt now go to my maſter, and have no time to wait till you have made your parcels.

Mrs. Grim. (*Locking the cheſt with great care.*) But, good God! ſhan't I be permitted to ſtop in the houſe till to-morrow morning?

Jack. Not a ſingle minute!—I'll have it ſmoked this very night!—Weigh your anchor, and get out of the harbour, or elſe I muſt play my battery on you!

Mrs. Grim. But my things!—My prayer-books!

Jack. You may ſend to-morrow morning for all your rags. All that has any thing of the ſmell of your ſanctity ſhall be delivered up.

Mrs. Grim. That won't do!—I muſt be preſent.

Jack. But, I ſay, no!—It is contrary to my orders.

Mrs. Grim. But, I ſay, yes!—And I won't ſtir.

Jack. You won't ſtir?

Mrs. Grim. No.

Jack. Not if I deſire you?

Mrs. Grim. Not if you were to drop at my feet. I'll ſee what you—

Jack. Impoſſible! Mrs. Grim—the devout Mrs. Grim, withſtand my prayers! (*Laying hold of her, and talking whilſt he ſlowly wheels her about till ſhe is out of the room.*)

My

My dear Mrs. Grim! —let me beſeech you —be ſo good as to get out of the houſe!—Oh! ſee, your gentle heart is already moved!—But do not be in all that hurry! —Permit me to take the moſt tender leave of you. —What! are you already ſo near the door! —Well then, farewell, my beſt friend!—May the devil give you health and joy!

(*Mrs.* Grim *ſpeaking at the ſame time.*) If you dare—let me alone!—Jack, I'll ſcratch your eyes out!—Jack, I'll bite your noſe!—Dear Jack!—I'll give you a louis-d'or!—Good Jack! —Honeſt Jack!—Infamous raſcal!—Unmanly brute!—(*The laſt words as at a diſtance out of doors*)

SCENE VII.

A Garden, with a Bower on each ſide.

PHILIP BERTRAM *and* ANN.

Phil. Let me, good Ann, at every ſtep recollect the joys of my youthful days. This ſpot has, for many years, been my bane, even on the faireſt days, becauſe methought I ſaw the ſtormy cloud of diſcord between brothers hang heavy over it. At laſt the horizon has cleared upon the evening of my life. My reſpiration is free, for I am now allowed again to love him. I feel as if I had loſt a precious ſtone here laſt autumn; the ſnow had covered it, during the winter; but the ſun of ſpring has melted the ſnow, and I again find the loſt jewel.

Ann. He has received Miſs Charlotte in ſo friendly a manner!—Now I like him again. He is good old Frank after all.

Phil. Oh! he is moſt certainly good, and always has been ſo. Bad people may tarniſh a bright mirror with their breath, but the foſtering hand of love will ſoon or late wipe off the film. Do you ſee that cypher on yon lime-tree, P. F.?—The growth of the rind has, during the lapſe of thirty

years, almoſt diſfigured the letters, but the main trace is indelible.

Ann. I have often made coffee here, and the young gentlemen gathered dry wood to make a fire.

Phil. Let us ſit down here, in this arbour, where I have ſo often learnt my catechiſm, and toiled in completing my exerciſe. (*They go into the arbour*; Philip *ſits down*; *a pauſe.*) Who will ſay, that there are no no enjoyments for old age, when it can thus carouſe on the recollection of the jovial days of early youth? Even youth does not ſo much enjoy the preſent moment as old age does what is gone.

SCENE VIII.

Enter FRANK BERTRAM, *ſupported by a Servant.*

Frank. (*Yet in the back ground.*) Avaſt. (*Looking round deeply affected, but endeavouring to hide his emotions, but burſting out at laſt to the Servant.*) Leave me!

Servant. (*Looking wiſtfully at him.*)

Frank. (*Gently.*) Go, I tell you! Stay, meanwhile, at the door. I now can manage by myſelf, till Jack comes. [*Exit Servant.*

Frank. The fellow ſhan't ſee my tears!—Such ſparks will grin, when they ſee an old man cry. (*Looking round on all ſides, leaning on his ſtick.*)

Phil. I have not felt ſo well this long while.

Frank. Behold there, the old pear-tree!—only think, the old pear-tree ſtill alive, and full of bloſſoms!—how often have I been aloft there with my brother! Curſe that gout—or elſe I would once more be up there!

Phil. Don't I hear ſomebody ſpeak?

Ann. (*Looking out.*) An old gentleman walking about.

Phil. Likely one of the Doctor's friends.

Frank.

Frank. Here, I think, my mother uſed to have her flower-bed. The ſpot is quite grown wild. Behold! there crawls a toad: get thee gone, thou emblem of diſcord! (*Removing it with his ſtick.*)

Ann. How many cobwebs there are here!

Phil. Spiders will take poſſeſſion of the ſpot when harmony has fled.

Frank. I'll ſit down in this arbour where I uſed to read my Robinſon. (*Sits down in the other arbour.*)

Phil. That ſtranger, ſurely, is waiting for the Doctor: I wonder where he may ſtay.

Ann. Miſs Charlotte is gathering violets in the fields: he is very likely with her.

Frank. Who may that ſick perſon be? He ooks very ill.

Phil. I ſay, Ann, I think I ſhould know the face of that old gentleman.

Frank. I think I have ſeen him ſomewhere before.

Phil. Can't you recollect his features?

Frank. And that old woman too, looks like ſome one I have ſeen before.

Ann. The face ſeems to be known to me.—But here comes the Doctor; he'll know beſt.

SCENE IX.

Enter Dr. BLUM.

Blum. (*Going up to* Frank.) Welcome, dear friend; well, how do you like it?

Frank. I am ſo well pleaſed, that I could wiſh to die here. (*Drawing the Doctor nearer.*) Pray, Doctor, is that ſickly man there, one of your friends?

Blum. Yes. Sir.

Frank. I ſuppoſe, you mean to make an hoſpital here: have you invited none but patients?

Blum. None but patients; but with a view of diſmiſſing them all in good health.

Frank. Who is that gentleman?

Blum. Don't you recollect him?

Frank. If I heard his name, perhaps I might.

Blum. Aſk your heart.

Frank. (*Startled.*) My heart!

SCENE X.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charl. (*With her apron full of flowers.*)

Frank. Ho! ho! Charlotte, are you too here?

Charl. (*Strewing flowers from one arbour to the other.*)

Frank. What are you about?

Phil. Charlotte, what are you doing?

Charl. I am ſtrewing flowers on the road which for ſo many years has been covered with thorns

Frank. What does ſhe mean?

Phil. (*Nodding to* Blum.) Pray, Doctor, tell me, who is that ſtrange gentleman?

Blum. I have invited him becauſe to day is his birth-day.

Phil. (*Moved.*) His birth-day!

Frank. (*Uneaſy*) Come hither, Charlotte.

Charl. Oh, yes; very well.

Frank. Who is he?

Charl. Fifteen years ago you would not have aſked that queſtion.

Frank. Zounds!—Who is he?

Charl. (*Running ſwiftly to the other arbour, and clinging round her father's neck*) It is my father! (*A pauſe; the two brothers look at each other furtively, but with great emotion; the* Doctor *examines them with attention and pleaſure.*)

Frank. (*Apart.*) How poorly he looks!

Phil. (*Apart.*) How old he is grown!

Frank

Frank. (*Apart.*) How ſhabby his dreſs!—He has, perhaps, been in diſtreſs; whilſt Mrs. Grim was robbing me.

Phil. (*Apart.*) Fie upon that proud ſhame, that would prevent me from flying into his arms!

Charl. (*Kneeling down between the two arbours, ſtretching out her arms, and looking with earneſt looks alternately at her father and her uncle.*)

Phil (*Riſes, and goes one ſtep out of the arbour*).

Frank. (*Very uneaſy.*) Zounds! I believe he is coming.

Charl. Hither, my dear uncle.

Frank. (*Riſes.*) To thee?—What muſt I do then?

Charl. To me, my father!

Phil. With pleaſure, my child! (*He goes to her, and takes her hand.*)

Charl. (*In a ſweet careſſing tone.*) To me, dear uncle!

Frank. Well, I am coming. (*Goes nearer to her.*)

Charl. Your hand—

Frank. (*Looking the other way.*) Here—

Charl. Nearer! nearer! (*Drawing the hands of the two brothers ſo near that they meet.*)

Phil (*Deeply affected.*) Brother!

Frank. (*Looking at him, throws away his ſtick, and opens his arms.*)

Phil. (*Sinks on his breaſt.*)

Charl. (*Springs up of a ſudden, and throws herſelf round* Blum's *neck*) My thanks, good man!

Frank. (*Laying hold with both hands of* Philip's *head.*) Look at me, brother! eye fixed on eye; let me ſee if there be the leaſt ſpark of reſentment left.

Phil. Doſtn't thou ſee a tear, that will quench it?

Frank. (*Still in the greateſt emotion takes him by both hands.*) Brother, thou lookeſt like the image

of

of diſtreſs!—thou haſt been in want!—thy whole perſon upbraids me with it.

Phil. I have been ill.

Frank. Well, then, get better now, or I won't ſet my foot over the threſhold of the door.

Phil. My good brother, thou haſt, in ſpite of our mutual ſituation, generouſly ſupported me.

Frank. What! is that a ſarcaſm?

Phil. Haſt thou not paid my bills?

Frank. Avaſt there!

Phil. My rent?—my apothecary's bill?

Frank. Philip! rather give me a ſlap in the face.

Blum. Dear Sir, pardon me this pious fraud; I was thinking of the means to reconcile you, and I acted in the name of your brother.

Frank. You are hard upon me, Sir; but I thank you for that leſſon.

Phil. Oh, my daughter! What a ſon thou haſt given me!

Frank Son! What's that?

Phil. This generous man, to whom innocence and goodneſs of heart are equivalent to wealth and riches.

Frank. I underſtand.—Well done! but poor the girl is not.—Isn't ſhe my ſole heir!—Is it not ſo, Charlotte?—Oh, we know each other by this time? (*Pointing at* Ann.) What's ſhe crying for now?

Phil. She is pleaſed, poor old woman!

Frank. Isn't that our good old Ann?

Phil. It is ſhe.

Frank. Ann, is it you?—Reach me that hand that has given me ſo many ſlices of bread and butter.—Well, you have continued as an honeſt girl; and you ſhall never want any thing to chew, while you have a tooth in your head.

Ann.

Ann. (*Sobbing.*) I can—not talk now.

Frank. Well, then, hold your tongue. We all ſee your tears come from the heart.—But what the deuce is become of my gout, Doctor? I think my ſtick has got it all.

LAST SCENE.

Enter JACK.

Jack. I give you joy, Captain; Mrs. Grim is ſent aſhore.

Frank. Is ſhe?—Fair wind to her!—Now, my honeſt Jack, I have nobody but you.

Phil. And me.

Charl. And me.

Blum. And me.

Frank. Have I all of ye?—Come all near; let me try if I can embrace ye all with one arm.—No matter, my heart has room for you.

Jack. Captain, do I ſee right?——Your brother!

Frank. Ay, ſure, old boy!—all forgotten! they all love me again.—Doſt recollect, Jack, when I took that French prize? what riches I got there in one hour!—But now I have acquired much more in one miuute. Come, brother Philip—(*taking him under his arm.*) Come, call me again, as formerly, Frank.

Phil. Dear Frank.

Frank. That's right: come this way, Charlotte—(*taking her in his other arm.*) Thou knoweſt what I have promiſed thy mother—what do you think, Philip?—I hope ſhe is here in the midſt of us—(*looking up to heaven with true devotion.*)

Blum.

Blum. (*Deeply affected.*) Oh, if man knew what a heavenly reward there is in making peace!

Jack. (*With joy mixed with tender emotion.*) Don't take it amiſs—but be who you will, I muſt have a kiſs.—(*He ſalutes* Ann, *who keeps ſobbing.*) [*The curtain drops.*

FINIS.